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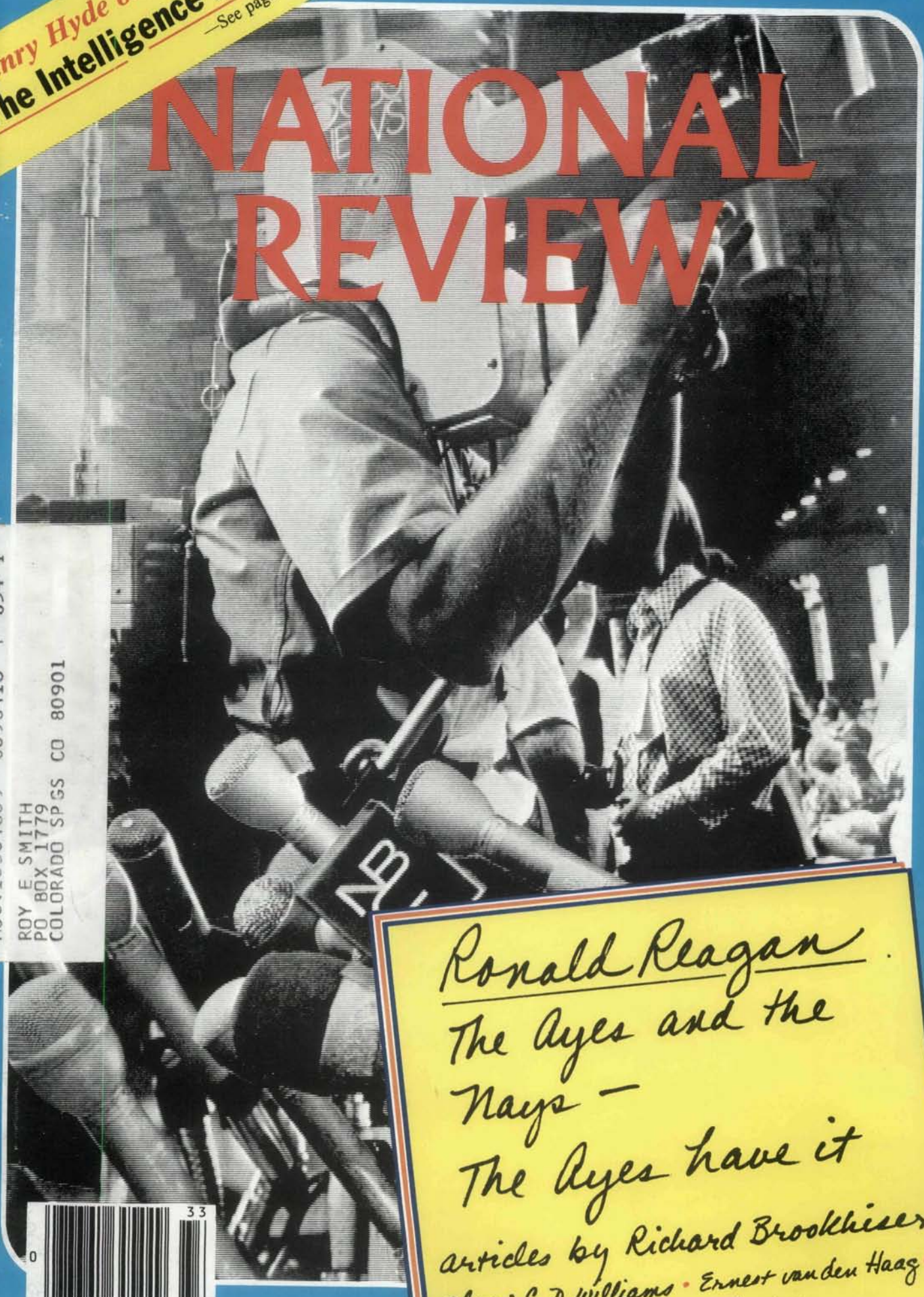
Henry Hyde on
The Intelligence Mess
—See page 46

NATIONAL REVIEW



Ronald Reagan
The Ayes and the Nays —
The Ayes have it

articles by Richard Brookhiser
also: C. D. Williams • Ernest van den Haag •
William A. Rusher

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LETTERS

Democratic Pratfall

Thank you, Frank Gregorsky ["The Democrats on How to Achieve Peace," Aug. 10], for setting me straight about Democratic foreign policy. I knew all along that they were wrong, but had not realized how backward is their approach. It's too bad the Democrats feel they must take unwise stances in order to offer an alternative to Reagan's wise foreign policy.

I was especially interested in Mondale's shift to the left at the drop of a Hart challenge. If the worst happens and Mondale makes it to the Oval Office, my only hope is that he will continue to be as spineless as before; that way he can discard his foolish campaign rhetoric and follow the suggestions of the informed professionals in Washington, without being inconsistent.

It is also refreshing to be reminded that, despite the depressing rhetoric of the Democrats, our foreign policy has been on the whole successful in safeguarding our national security. We hear about the failures, but only because the successes have kept us free.

William Peltzman
Colt's Neck, N.J.

Judicial Purview

Lino Graglia's article "Was the Constitution a Good Idea?" [July 13] is long overdue. However, he only rather vaguely alluded to what, in my opinion, is the central issue of the problem: namely, that the Constitution does not state, imply, or even indirectly suggest the power of judicial review.

Judicial review, i.e., the right of the courts to interpret the Constitution, was begun by John Marshall and slowly but steadily developed over the next eighty or ninety years. (Between the first judicial negation of a federal statute—*Marbury* v. *Madison*, 1803—and the second—*Dred Scott*, 1857—lay a span of 54 years.) So enraged were the liberal Jeffersonians by judicial review that they organized a concerted strategy to impeach and remove Marshall and his confreres. Needless to say they failed, leaving Jefferson to rail constantly against the "twistifications of my cousin."

That the Founding Fathers intended the judiciary to be the weakest branch of government there is little doubt. Accordingly, they gave it short shrift in the Constitution. But here we have a classic example of how history can backfire. With the judiciary's acquisition of judicial review, coupled with no real constitutional delineation and hence limitation of its authority, a quantum leap in power took place. Because there was no limitation of its authority and because it now had the right—the sole right—to interpret the basis of that authority, its power was potentially limitless.

One of the most mystifying and disconcerting aspects of this entire syndrome is the fact that all kinds of people believe judicial review is specifically granted in the Constitution. Thus Lowell Weicker can self-righteously proclaim that his fellow senators are violating the Constitution in stipulating that court-ordered busing cease. Beyond that, Senator Weicker was so legally disoriented that he seemed to believe that even a constitutional amendment on such a matter was unconstitutional. But that cannot top the dean of the Boston University Law School who, some seven or eight years ago, solemnly asserted that the Constitution clearly assigned the judiciary the obligation of righting political and social wrongs if the state and federal legislatures would not. How's them apples?

But the Constitution itself is a very solid document, and I believe the problem easily rectified. An amendment put together by the talent of this nation carefully and sensibly delineating the authority of the judiciary would end this nonsense.

W. Dennis White
Stamford, Conn.

Baptism by Ire

The portrayal of Mario Cuomo ["The Week," July 13] was excellent, except for the disturbing allusion to fundamentalist Christians in its introduction: "He makes it [liberalism] exciting as only a total-immersion born-again snake handler could."

I have difficulty understanding that juxtaposition of terms. To associate snake handlers with "born-again" Christians who believe total immersion is the proper way to baptize those who profess faith in Jesus Christ is terribly mistaken. The terms "total immersion" and "born again" have a strong grounding in the Bible, which is more than I can say for snake

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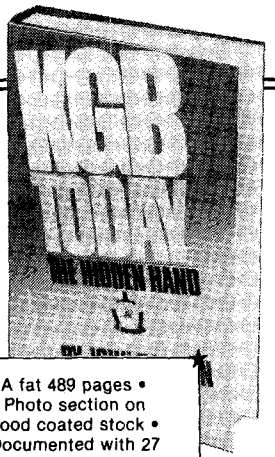

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John Barron provides an early glimpse of Andropov

On November 5, 1956, as Soviet tanks prowled the city, Kopacsi and his wife were captured while fleeing toward refuge in the Yugoslav embassy. The captors took them to the Soviet embassy and Andropov. "He met us, and was rather cordial and friendly," Kopacsi recalled long afterward. One might have thought all was well, but suddenly the KGB dragged the couple away to prison. Kopacsi can still vividly recall looking back and seeing Andropov standing at the embassy gate, waving to him and smiling.

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handling. To mention all three, as it were, in one breath, is to risk impugning the sincerity of the first two by the fanaticism of the third.

Jim Ray
Burke, Va.

Which Side?

NATIONAL REVIEW has been dominated by defenders of supply-side theory such as George Gilder ["What Ronald Reagan Doesn't Know about His Own Achievements," June 29] for several years. Yet, the supply-siders constitute only a narrow minority of conservative economists. Many of the rest of us are concerned that a strict adherence to supply-side doctrine will lead to real problems as the economy attempts to make the transition from recovery to sustained growth during the second Reagan term.

Part of the supply-side program aided growth by eliminating the discriminatory treatment of investment income and by granting some tax breaks for business. George Gilder concentrated on such targeted cuts in his article, but they are not uniquely supply-side concepts. Most growth-oriented economists favor such policies. What is distinctively supply-side is the faith in across-the-board cuts in individual-income-tax rates, without spending cuts to balance the revenue lost. Targeted cuts for productive activity can work à la the Laffer Curve, but general cuts are net revenue losers. They have contributed to massive budget deficits that are pushing up interest rates. It is a simple market mechanism. Interest rates are prices that ration capital among competing uses, private and government. Increased government demand for funds pushes up rates, "crowding out" private investment, upon which economic growth depends.

In the long run, the supply-siders will hurt the supply side of the economy, even if in the short run their policies have stimulated the demand side of the economy in support of the recovery.

The supply-side program has done nothing to reduce the real cost of government, which continues to grow. It has only shifted the method of payment from taxes to debt; a change for the worse. The supply-siders have become the allies of liberals who always try to disguise the true cost of government to fool the voters. Separating taxes from spending is a favorite trick of both. Taxes are painful, but it is this pain that compels the citizen to restrain those in office. Remove this pain, and the politicians are free to spend at will.

William R. Hawkins
Radford, Va.

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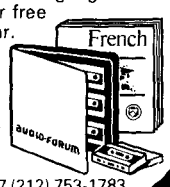

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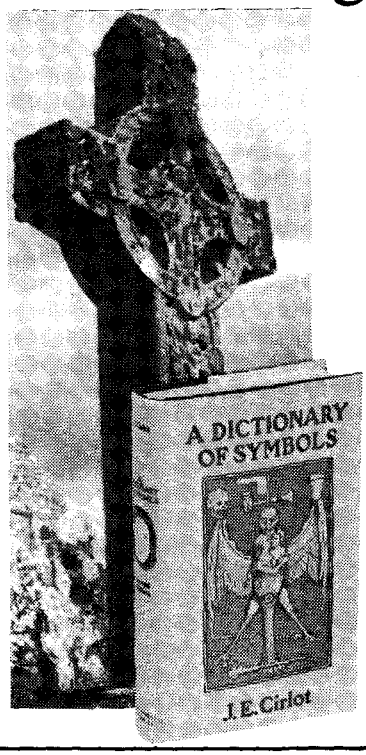

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FOR THE RECORD

It wouldn't be until after Dallas that **Reagan-Bush** would regain the lead they lost to the Democrats following San Francisco, said the seers. Who were wrong. A **Harris** poll (July 20 to 24) found Reagan-Bush back with two-point lead over **Mondale-Ferraro**. A **Gallup** (July 27 to 29) gave R-B a ten-point lead, 52 to 42 per cent. . . . Reagan was not hurt by Commerce Secretary **Malcolm Baldrige**'s report earlier that same week of 7.5 per cent economic growth for second quarter with inflation down to annualized 3.2 per cent (from 4.4 per cent in first quarter). Commented Baldrige: "I don't know how you can write a script for a better recovery." . . . *Detroit Free Press* poll showing substantial Reagan lead in Michigan had interesting breakdown. Mondale did best with blacks (87 to 7) and with voters who hadn't completed high school, while Reagan had 24-point edge with independents and scored well with the under-thirty crowd and college graduates. . . . Initial reaction of Reagan campaign staff was to lay off Geraldine Ferraro, except for criticism of her voting record, which, as **Ed Rollins** did bring himself to mention, puts her to the left of 99 per cent of her colleagues. . . . Another interesting poll breakdown. First polls after Ferraro selection indicated that most people wouldn't change their vote because there was a woman on the ticket (no one likes to confess to prejudice), but more recent Gallup indicates men and women alike believe a man would perform better on foreign policy and economic matters; they give the advantage to a woman only on matter of improving "the quality of life."

A couple of advance notes on Dallas: According to a well-placed source in Reagan campaign, infighting is taking place over **Jeane Kirkpatrick**'s role at the convention. The black hats are trying to limit her speech to ten minutes. . . . Liberal Republican Sen. **Charles Mathias** will attend as an at-large delegate, but by the skin of his teeth. He placed seventh out of seven in Maryland GOP Convention balloting. . . . Probably not attending, **Lowell Weicker**'s nominee for Connecticut national committeeman, **John Miller**, who lost out to conservative former State Sen. **Roger Eddy**.

Holland, *Sunday Telegraph* / Rothco

Senatorial races: Forget media speculation about vulnerability of Sen. **Gordon Humphrey** in New Hampshire. Latest **Arthur Finkelstein** poll shows Humphrey leading Rep. **Norm D'Amours** 51 to 37. . . . Decision-Making Information poll now has Sen. **Roger Jepsen** (Iowa) within one point of challenger Rep. **Tom Harkin**, up 15 points from last poll. . . . Columnists **Evans & Novak** have shifted Sen. **Jesse Helms** from "Leaning GOP Retention" to "Leaning Democratic Takeover" column, as result of most recent polls plus what they score as bust for Helms in first debate with North Carolina Gov. **James Hunt**. Their analysis: Helms was overcoached by staff, who wanted to soften his image. He came out all crème caramel. Next and last debate: Oct. 13. . . . Massachusetts polls continue to show **Elliot Richardson** safely ahead of Republican senatorial primary opponent **Ray Shamie**, but *Boston Globe* is not counting the combative and enterprising Shamie out. Shamie has dug out 1976 Richardson quote that it would "strain his loyalties" if **Gerald Ford** chose Reagan as his running-mate—and is using it to good effect. Polls show Richardson beating all Democratic candidates, Shamie losing to most. . . . Surprising figures from stalwartly Democratic and liberal West Virginia show senatorial candidate Gov. **Jay Rockefeller** just seven points ahead of his relatively little-known challenger, **John Raese**. . . . In Texas—in a clear-cut Left-Right race—Republican Rep. **Phil Gramm** holds one-point lead (44 to 43) over liberal Democratic State Sen. **Lloyd Doggett**. This is one to watch.

Score major Central America gain for Administration on El Salvador. From being bad boy of the pampas, El Salvador is now taken seriously internationally as democratic regime fighting for its liberties. *Vide*, **José Napoleón Duarte**'s triumphal trip to Western Europe, where he was received by heads of state, negotiated $18-million aid deal with West Germany. *Vide*, his visit to Washington, where House leaders such as Reps. **Clarence Long** (Budget) and **Jim Wright** (Majority Leader) were won over and announced they would support Administration economic- and military-aid programs for El Salvador. *Vide*, Duarte's announcement that he would not send representative to fifth-anniversary celebration of Sandinista victory in Managua. . . . On the other hand, Administration now acknowledges it has lost battle in House for aid to Nicaraguan *Contras*. . . . **Andres Vargas Gomez**, liberated from a Cuban prison in the **Jesse Jackson** operation, is against any U.S. dialogue with **Castro** "or any other Communist. It is an illusion, and the people of the world will not be fooled."

Final note from Democratic Convention: In discussing whether **Bert Lance** naming was plus or minus for Mondale in South, political analyst **Alan Baron** quotes one Southern delegate: "We may talk slow, but we don't think slow."

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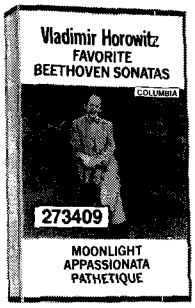

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310201. Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 2—Daniel Barenboim; Zubin Mehta, New York Phil. (Columbia)

233130. Brahms: Symphony No. 1—Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

312439. Brahms: Liebeslieder Walzer; Neue Liebeslieder Walzer (complete) L.A. Vocal Arts Ensemble *(Digital*—Nonesuch)

246843. Chopin: Mazurkas, Etudes, etc.—Vladimir Horowitz, piano (Columbia)

309500. Copland: Rodeo; Billy The Kid—popular ballet scores played by Bernstein, New York Phil. (CBS Great Performances)

191874. Debussy's Greatest Hits—*Clair de lune, Afternoon of a Faun, Reverie,* etc. Bernstein, Ormandy, etc. (Columbia)

230433. Dvorak: Symphony No. 9 (New World)—Bernstein and New York Phil. (Columbia)

187112. Gershwin's Greatest Hits—*Rhapsody in Blue* (Bernstein, piano); *An American in Paris* (Ormandy, Phila. Orch.); *3 Preludes* (Levant, piano); many more (Columbia)

318295. Gershwin Live!—Sarah Vaughan sings *The Man I Love,* etc. Thomas, Los Angeles Phil. (CBS)

319004. Glass, Philip: The Photographer—"Some of his best music to date" *—Time* (CBS)

316018. Glass, Philip: Glassworks—"moving, exciting and profound!"—*The N.Y. Times* (CBS)

201665. Grofe: Grand Canyon Suite—Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

323543. Handel: Royal Fireworks Music; Oboe Concertos 1-3—Karl Munchinger, Stuttgart Chamber Orch. *(Digital*—London)

257956. Haydn: Symphonies No. 101 (Clock) **and No. 103** (Drum Roll)—Bernstein, New York Phil. (Columbia)

321190. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 1, 4, 6; Rakoczy March; etc.—Boskovsky, Phil. Hungarica (Angel)

321208. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 2,3,5; Mephisto Waltz—Willi Boskovksy, London Phil. (Angel)

314369. Mahler: Symphony No. 1 (Titan)—Maazel, Orch. Nat'l de France (CBS Masterworks)

305730. Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 (Italian); **Overtures**—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

294264. Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 21 (Elvira Madigan) **and No. 17**—Ashkenazy plays, conducts Philharmonia Orch. (London)

325365. Mozart: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; Symph. No. 40—Casals, Marlboro Festival Orch. (CBS Portrait)

314955. Mozart: Symphonies No. 40, 41 (Jupiter)—Szell, Cleveland Orch. (CBS Great Performances)

302570. Mussorgsky: Pictures At An Exhibition; Ravel: La Valse—Mehta, New York Phil. (Columbia)

310698. Offenbach: Gaite Parisienne; Saint-Saens: Danse Macabre; Dukas: Sorcerer's Apprentice—Maazel, Orch. National de France (Columbia)

318246. Orff: Carmina Burana—Muti, Philharmonia Orch. & Chorus (Angel)

300509. Prokofiev: Peter And The Wolf; Britten: Young Person's Guide To The Orchestra—Will Geer narrates; Somary conducts (Vanguard)

318691. Prokofiev: Love For Three Oranges Suite; Lt. Kije Suite—Thomas, L.A. Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

245043. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concertos No. 1 & 2—Ashkenazy; Previn, London Symphony (London)

318451. Ravel: Bolero; Pavane; Daphnis Et Chloe—Suite No. 2—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

324533. Respighi: Feste Romane; Pines & Fountains Of Rome—Dutoit, Orch. de Montreal *(Digital*—London)

318436. Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade—Svetlanov, London Symphony (Angel)

232116. Rossini: William Tell Overture—works by Herold, Suppe, Thomas—Bernstein and the New York Phil. (Columbia)

304667. Saint-Saens: Carnival of the Animals; Variations on a Theme of Beethoven—Philippe Entremont, Gaby Casadesus, pianists (Columbia)

317677. Schubert: Symphony No. 8 (Unfinished); **Rosamunder Overture and Ballet Music**—von Karajan, Berlin Philharmonic (Angel)

225888. Smetana: Moldau, Bartered Bride Overture, Dances; Dvorak: Carnival Overture—Bernstein, NY. Phil. (Columbia)

310870-390872. Johann Strauss' Greatest Waltzes Ormandy, Szell, Bernstein (Count as 2—Columbia)

320424. Richard Strauss: Ein Heldenleben—Dicterow, violin; Mehta, NY. Phil. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

281493. Stravinsky: Rite Of Spring. Zubin Mehta, NY. Phil. (Columbia)

308874. Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1—Gavrilov; Kitaenko cond. Moscow Radio/TV Sym. Orch. (Col./Melodiya)

201129. Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture; Serenade for Strings—Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

231563. Tchaikovsky: Swan Lake and **Sleeping Beauty Ballet Suites**—Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia)

289207-399204. Tchaikovsky: The Nutcracker (complete)—American Ballet Theatre Production directed by Baryshnikov (Counts as 2—Columbia)

293191. Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto; Meditation—Stern, Rostropovich, National Sym. (Columbia)

321844-391847. Verdi: La Traviata—Original Motion Picture Soundtrack. Stars Domingo, Stratas (Counts as 2—Elektra)

321216. Verdi: Overtures *—La Battaglia Di Legnano, Nabucco,* etc. Muti, New Philharmonia Orch. (Angel)

324897. Vivaldi: The Four Seasons—Lorin Maazel and Orch. National de France *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

323733. Wagner: Orchestral Music from "The Ring"—*Ride of the Valkyries,* etc. Mehta and New York Phil. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTIONS

308890-398891. Bernstein Conducts World's Greatest Marches—Pomp and Circumstance; Washington Post; more (Counts as 2—Columbia)

317982. The Best of Liona Boyd—her own guitar arrangements of *Malaguena; Gymnopedie,* etc. (CBS)

311472. Placido Domingo With John Denver—Perhaps Love. Also: *Annie's Song; Yesterday;* etc. (CBS)

318675. Placido Domingo—My Life For A Song. *Besame Mucho;* etc. (CBS)

317651. Placido Domingo—arias from *Aida; Faust; Don Carlo;* etc. (Angel)

282582. Greatest Hits Of 1720. Includes **Pachelbel: *Kanon;*** Mouret: *Rondo (Theme "Masterpiece Theater");* etc. Richard Kapp, Philharmonia Virtuosi of N.Y. (Columbia)

322347. Marilyn Horne—Live At La Scala. Music by Granados, Handel, Copland, etc. (CBS Masterworks)

289520. Vladimir Horowitz Encores—virtuoso fireworks! Rachmaninoff, Chopin, more (Columbia)

320887. Kiri Te Kanawa—Verdi and Puccini Arias. Pritchard, London Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

321851. Wynton Marsalis. In his classical debut, he plays trumpet concertos by Haydn, Hummel, L. Mozart *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

323493. Mormon Tabernacle Choir—Gloria! Vivaldi: *Gloria;* Faure: *Sanctus;* etc. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

311720. Luciano Pavarotti Premieres Verdi Arias—"Lost" gems from *I Vespri Siciliani,* etc. (Columbia)

300038. Luciano Pavarotti—O Sole Mio/Favorite Neapolitan Songs (London)

280610. Jean-Pierre Rampal Greatest Hits—Debussy's *Girl With The Flaxen Hair;* Handel's *Largo;* etc. (Columbia)

319582. Jean-Pierre Rampal Plays Scott Joplin. *The Entertainer,* etc. (CBS)

311647. Isaac Stern 60th Anniversary Celebration—master violinist is joined by Zukerman, Perlman, Mehta, etc. (Columbia)

259564. Joan Sutherland and Luciano Pavarotti—Duets. From *Rigoletto, I Puritani,* etc. (London)

316570. The Tango Project *—La Cumparsita; Adios Muchachos,* etc. William Schimmel, accordion; etc. *(Digital*—Nonesuch)

319848. Andre Watts—Live in Tokyo. Works by Ravel, Brahms, Debussy, Haydn, etc. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

320895. Portrait of John Williams—*Theme from "The Deerhunter;" Fool On The Hill,* etc. (CBS Masterworks)

284612. John Williams & Friends—Bach, Mozart, Telemann, etc. (Columbia)

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THE WEEK

☐ Vanessa Williams was asked to resign as Miss America, apparently for posing as a Democratic Convention delegate.

☐ There are rumors that the staffing of the White House for Term II, which is scheduled for January 1985 unless the American people take leave of their senses, has already been done, that the President has made up his mind in the matter. In fact, he has not.

☐ "The evil is in the White House at the present time," says Tip O'Neill. Ill-advised, Tip. Better tone down your rhetoric. You have to live on the same planet with those guys. Don't make them paranoid. Not in the nuclear age. Reality isn't black and white. Don't live in the past. You can't turn back the clock. The issues today are so complex. Simplistic formulas . . . You get our drift?

☐ Geraldine Ferraro is secretary-treasurer, a stockholder, and wife of the president of the P. Zaccaro & Co. real-estate firm. Imagine the spunky former assistant prosecutor's surprise when it transpired that the building next door to Zaccaro headquarters was housing one of the nation's biggest porn distributors, linked by New York officials to two mob "families" (in a sense not intended at the Democratic Convention). She said through a spokesperson that she had simply had *no idea*. A few days later Zaccaro & Co. acknowledged that it was part owner of the building in question. Meanwhile, two other Zaccaro buildings were found to house a total of ten peace groups. Mrs. Ferraro has a ready-made campaign theme: Make love, not war.

☐ In all the uproar over Miss America, *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione was asked if he thought it was fair to Miss Vanessa Williams to publish possibly ruinous pictures of her without her consent. "My first obligation is to my readers," he said, thereby doing the kind of favor for the First Amendment (free speech) that the McDonald's murderer did for the Second (right to bear arms).

☐ Why, exactly, are we supposed to worry that the U.S. economy is growing too fast? It can't be because "overheating" leads to inflation, since prices are holding steady and since times of growth do not correlate well with times of inflation in U.S. or world history. It can't be because our growth rate is "unsustainable," because that is a self-correcting problem; the penalty for unsustainability would be to drop down at some point to some sustainable level. The suspicion grows that economic pundits, like fussy mothers, just need something to worry about.

☐ Liberals must be learning to appreciate the federal system—the hard way. Congress has overwhelmingly passed and sent to the President a bill guaranteeing religious student groups the same rights of access nonreligious groups have to public-school facilities. Congressman Charles Schumer (D., N.Y.) says: "This bill will add a fourth 'r' to our schools' curriculum—reading, 'riting, 'rithmetic, and religion." (He's complaining, don't you see.) Others warn, more reasonably, that the language of the bill is so broad as to require the same access for, say, gay or Nazi outfits. We suspect there may be one congressman somewhere who just doesn't like Christianity. Be that as it may, the liberal power apparatus of aid-with-strings to public schools is now being used for conservative ends. We still don't like the apparatus. But we have a right to object. The liberals have forfeited theirs.

☐ The Democrats were all gearing up to run on the "fairness" issue when another bunch of academic studies came out showing that Reagan has not been stealing bread from the poor after all. John Weicher of the American Enterprise Institute found that, adjusted for inflation, federal outlays on low-income benefit programs rose from $50.1 billion in 1980 un-

Saving Continental

If what the FDIC did
Made Donald Regan blow his lid
As bankers looked like felines who
Had swallowed some canary stew,
Imagine how this shattered myth
Affects the ghost of Adam Smith.

W. H. von Dreele

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

HAS THE campaign started too early? And who is the beneficiary of a ninety-day versus a sixty-day run? Normally a presidential campaign isn't in full swing until Labor Day, but the Democratic selection of Geraldine Ferraro, with its positive shock value, plus the immediately post-convention *Post-Newsweek* poll favoring Mondale-Ferraro 48 to 46 over Reagan-Bush, stunned the White House and led to a crisis decision opting for the Republican candidate to counterstrike at once in Texas, Georgia, and New Jersey, where Mr. Reagan's feisty rhetoric was targeted on issues that included abortion, tuition tax credits, Nicaragua, and the Democrats' extreme liberalism ("They've left America").

Who benefits from a campaign of three months' duration (versus two)? It can be argued both ways. If you assume that Mondale and Ferraro are up to the test—particularly Mrs. Ferraro, whose negatives, unlike Mondale's, Reagan's, and Bush's, are not all on the table—then a long race is better for them than a short one, to clear her negatives and to sell her ideas through exposure. On the other hand, the longer they are exposed to scrutiny, the less novelty and freshness will attach to the co-ed political couple—which argues for time being on the side of Mr. Reagan. "Democrats are always helped by short campaigns," remarks a prominent Republican congressman, "because they can lie easier. The longer the campaign, the easier it is for the people to sort out the truth, and that gives Reagan the advantage."

Mondale's tax taunt is the second issue agitating Washington during the dog days of August. At the Democratic Convention, Walter Mondale acknowledged that he would raise taxes in 1985; then he accused President Reagan of having a secret plan to do the same, and called upon him to come clean. At his late July news conference, Mr. Reagan replied that he had no intention of raising taxes. Then the President disclosed, however, that a contingency tax plan did in fact exist. Since then, despite the forays into Texas, Georgia, and New Jersey, Mr. Reagan has not been able to regain the offensive. "You never want that to happen," notes a White House aide.

So the scenario appears to be this: Mr. Reagan will shortly declare that there will be no new taxes in 1985. (Taxpayers are shelling out $670 billion in taxes in 1984, which is $70 billion more than they paid last year, and that ought to be enough for the government to spend.) "Which taxes is Mr. Mondale going to raise?" is the question Mr. Reagan will put.

Mondale is walking into a conundrum of his own, i.e., a tax plan that will a) cut the deficit by two-thirds (as he promised), b) not raise the taxes of working men and women, and c) produce the $200 billion in new spending that his programs, if enacted, would require. Which leads one Reaganite here to assert that the only offensive Mondale will have is that of George Armstrong Custer when he rode into the valley of Little Bighorn.

As the (putative) second term of Ronald Reagan draws near, conservatives here are keeping a watchful eye on the White House personnel office, the operation that recruits key officers for the government. Conservatives know that central to any Reagan realignment will be people in critical posts who share the values and instincts of the President. John Herrington, the former Deputy Secretary of the Navy, a competent, steady Reaganite, now heads the personnel office. His handling of a critical role with intelligent respect for the right priorities has brought comfort to conservatives, and especially those who have been increasingly troubled in the past few months by the attrition of Reaganites within the White House and the Executive Branch.

Some of the conservatives whom Herrington has recruited and shepherded into government include Martha Seger, member of the Federal Reserve Board (whose presence at the recent Federal Open Market Committee meeting doubtless helped prevent the Fed from lurching into any ill-advised credit tightening); Daniel Oliver, the sharp General Counsel of the Agriculture Department; FAA Administrator Don Engen; the new ambassadors to Guatemala and Barbados, respectively, Alberto Piedra and Tom Anderson; Bob Rowland, Assistant Secretary of Labor for Occupational Health and Safety; Susan Phillips, chairman of the Commodity Futures Trading Commission; and Carol Dawson, commissioner of the Consumer Product Safety Commission. If policy is people, as Ed Feulner of the Heritage Foundation has observed, then John Herrington's contribution to policymaking ought to console us all.

—CATO

---

der Carter to $55.3 billion in 1983 under Reagan. Papers presented at a Princeton urban-studies symposium found "surprisingly modest" cuts in the first Reagan years, of which "virtually all were offset by increases in 1983 and 1984." And economists testifying before the Joint Economic Committee confirm that "under the Reagan tax cuts, the tax burden has shifted away from the poor (down 14 per cent) to the rich (up 12 per cent), making the tax system more 'progressive,' " to quote Warren Brookes. So the Reagan Administration has not dismantled the welfare state after all. The next question is: Why hasn't it?

☐ If you wonder what George McGovern was doing in Yalta, well, just savor the poetic appropriateness of it all. McGovern met with Andrei Gromyko for three hours and emerged with the breathtaking report that Gromeek says there will be no improvement in U.S.-Soviet relations if Reagan wins the election, which is the current Moscow attempt to influence the result, and at least FDR had the excuse of senility.

☐ The broadest amnesty in Communist Poland's history—35,000 prisoners to be freed from Polish jails this month—merely transfers Solidarity activists from a maximum-security building to a nationwide prison without walls. Political prisoners will be constantly observed, and reincarcerated if they continue to act on their convictions. Activists who avoided arrest will be forced to remain underground unless they supply

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detailed accounts of their operations and surrender their equipment. And of course Solidarity is still proscribed. The "amnesty," prompted by the hope that the U.S. will ease economic sanctions, merely expands the dimensions of the prisoners' cells.

☐ Vyacheslav Molotov, of cocktail fame, has been reinstated as a member of the Soviet Communist Party, at the age of 94, just when most political observers were about to write him off. His services to Josef Stalin have been forgiven, or reappraised (we aren't sure which); and after biding his time throughout the Khrushchev and Brezhnev eras, Molotov is now in good position for the succession struggle that will follow the next sneeze of Konstantin Chernenko. His dramatic comeback notwithstanding, Molotov will still have to reckon with younger contenders, like Georgi Malenkov, 82, who is currently living quietly in Moscow. Molotov reportedly hopes to forge a rainbow coalition of progressives, while Malenkov is said to stress the need for new ideas.

☐ Guess what exotic paradise *Bride* magazine is recommending for honeymooners? "There's . . . a special sense of renewal and joy about this special island . . . Nothing hurried . . . Stay put and unwind . . . Nights are the dreamy sort that start with lantern-lit dinners and a little island music, end with moon-watching and quiet talk." Grenada, of course, and if you guessed Afghanistan or its moral equivalent, you'd do well to seek asylum in the House of Representatives.

☐ A new Soviet TV production of *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes* has now been released, but only after its producers reshot an "ideologically harmful" passage. You may recall that upon his meeting Dr. Watson for the first time, these thoughts ran through Sherlock Holmes's mind: "Here is a gentleman of a medical type, but with the air of a military man. He has just come from the tropics, for his face is dark, and that is not the natural tint of his skin. He has undergone hardship and sickness, as his haggard face shows clearly. His left arm has been injured. He holds it in a stiff and unnatural manner. Where in the tropics could an English army doctor have seen much hardship and got his arm wounded?" And turning to Watson, Holmes says: "You have been in Afghanistan, I perceive." The new Sovietized Holmes now says, "You have been in a country in the Orient, I perceive," which would have impressed the old Doylean Watson not at all.

☐ The Army's new "jeep," the Hummer, breaks down on average every 82 miles, and needs major repairs every 367. Not to worry. Everything will be OK, the Army says, if the Hummer gets new shock absorbers, exhaust systems, and tires, and has its engine and radiator relocated, its chassis shortened, its suspension modified, and its fan, axles, and air-intake system redesigned.

☐ United liberal opinion, led by the U.S. Senate, is feverishly trying to turn back the clock on equal rights and advancement for women by declaring that Anne Burford's place is in the home.

☐ Have you noticed? The more the government dictates automotive design, the more our cars act like little bureaucrats: buzzing, squawking, scolding—nag, nag, nag. Things are now scheduled to get worse. Transportation Secretary Elizabeth Dole (how much damage can one couple do?) has decreed that, beginning as early as with the 1987 models, our cars must either clap us in irons automatically or else have expensive air-bags that Americans won't buy voluntarily. They might as well add mandatory barf bags, because motorists are bound to think about bureaucrats.

☐ Why should Gerry Ferraro have to be qualified? Jimmy Carter wasn't.

Dallas and After

As THE Republican delegates assemble in Dallas, they would do well to consider the state of the country when the GOP moved into the White House and into control of the Senate three and a half years ago.

Inflation was running at 12.4 per cent for 1980, down from 13.3 per cent for 1979. The prime rate had recently peaked at 21.5 per cent. Some 7.5 per cent of the workforce was unemployed. President Carter, in a speech plugging his (stalled) energy program, had declared that America and its people were suffering from a spiritual "malaise." The Equal Rights Amendment stood before the states, supported by the White House. Fifty-two American hostages languished in Teheran. Soviet troops had settled down in Kabul (from which, Carter said, he had learned more about

Early Straws

In Elizabeth, New Jersey,
  Ten-term mayor Thomas Dunn
Is a Democrat for Reagan
  And was clearly having fun,
While in working-class Hoboken,
  Where Sinatra got his start,
Nuns and neighbors grinned at Reagan
  Taking Geraldine apart.

W. H. VON DREELE

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the Soviet Union than he had in all his life up to then). Somoza and the Shah had fallen, and Maurice Bishop ruled Grenada. Donald McHenry was ambassador to the UN, succeeding Andrew Young.

The Republican Party should remember these things, not to gloat, or to stimulate fancies of a smooth election or a smooth second term, but to recall precisely that from which the voters turned to it for relief. These were the achievements of American liberalism in its final, Carterite mutation. The debacle of liberalism in the 1980 election was widely, and unfairly, blamed on Carter himself. Yet Carter, despite his numerous personal failings as a leader, was a reasonably competent electoral politician. He had saved liberalism, four years earlier, by papering over its contradictions. (Any other Democratic nominee would probably have lost to Gerald Ford; Carter very nearly did so.) Liberalism's fruits were its own work, not his. Yahoo economics, a befuddled foreign policy, a niggling and radical social agenda—these were liberalism's last bequests.

The Republican tenure has been most successful, not when it has compromised with this decadent legacy or met it halfway, but when it has struck out in different and new directions. The 1982 TEFRA didn't revive the economy, the tax-rate cuts did. Confused half measures like the Lebanese operation did not send the world a signal; firmness toward the Soviets and impatience with lesser rascals—from Qaddafi's fighter planes to Grenadian gunmen—did.

In three months, this election will be history. Presidentabili will already be licking their fingers and testing the winds for 1988. The Republican Party can set the agenda for that term, and for the next few, if it continues to see itself as a new and successful alternative to the liberal dead end. Let the good times roll. Let the counter-revolution roll along with them.

Ideology and Politicking

IT HAS BEEN the inescapable consensus, since the Democratic Convention, that Mario Cuomo's keynote address was the best convention speech since—well, since nearly all convention oratory is awful, the distinction may not mean much. But it certainly roused the audience. Cuomo stock took an early leap on the 1988 Big Board, and some wit has already thought to call his admirers Cuomosexuals.

In assaying the Cuomo phenomenon, it is well to remember that, like his countryman Girolamo Savonarola, Cuomo is a moralist and a politician. These are not two different springs of his character, but tandem reinforcing energies. Both propel him toward the goal of higher office.

Until two years ago, Cuomo was a purely local phenomenon: Hugh Carey's lieutenant governor, losing candidate for mayor of New York City. Then, ideology touched him. His old nemesis, Ed Koch, sought the governorship. Koch had been rebuking his party for having gone too far and forgotten Middle America. Cuomo raised the liberal standard, and won an upset primary victory. He won even more narrowly in the general election, but the man he beat was Lew Lehrman, a spokesman for aggressive, free-wheeling conservatism. The foundations of a reputation were laid.

Not wanting to be second mate on the *Titanic*, Cuomo discouraged all vice presidential speculation, citing his promise to the people of New York that he would serve a full term. (Politicians make promises for the same reason that motorists carry jacks; they don't take up much room, and they can occasionally be useful.) He also brushed aside a request from Mondale's staff to go campaigning cross-country. At the same time, he has done what he could to raise the ideological temper of the campaign to his own peppery level. It was he who urged Mrs. Ferraro to question Reagan's Christianity. "I told her she could get away with it, because she is a woman."

Keep a careful eye on his career. Mario Cuomo is.

Reagan and the Tax Issue

WALTER MONDALE has now charged up his campaign with two smart moves: Geraldine Ferraro, and his promise to raise taxes. Mrs. Ferraro rescued him from a national sense of terminal ennui about his candidacy and shifted attention away from the irritating star quality of Hart and Jackson. But his promise to raise taxes may turn out to have been the more brilliant of the two ploys over the next hundred days: "Mr. Reagan will raise taxes, and so will I. He won't tell you, and I just did."

With those two sentences, Mondale shifted the focus of the contest and, temporarily at least, threw the Reagan strategists onto the defensive. That is, Mondale shifted from the past (with Carter's inflation and other sins), and the present (with Reagan's booming economy), to the speculative future. Mondale would lose on the first and on the second, so he cleverly chose to fight on the third. He can now indicate that he will soak the rich and the corporations and so on, as befits the candidate of the Party of Envy.

The deficits exist. The "in" word of the moment is that they are "structural." That is, that there is no way of reducing such big-ticket federal expenditures as Social Security and medical care, along with innumerable other federal programs that have "constituencies." It is probably impossible to talk about such cuts in an election year, but those who are serious about the deficits will have to talk about them sooner or later. Does Mondale, whose income was in the six-figure range last year, really need Social Security? Does Geraldine Ferraro, who is married to a million-

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Perhaps It's Digestive

When everything's coming up roses,
  The natural thing is to smile.
At weddings, though mothers get weepy,
  Most root for the two in the aisle.
Recoveries, too, are occasions
  For humming some happier tunes,
But Walter is sour as Grumpy
  And Geraldine ought to try prunes.

W. H. VON DREELE

aire and owns four homes? Do citizens with good retirement plans need it? Restructuring of this Depression-era system is long overdue, and the same is true of the bloated medical-care programs, food stamps, AFDC, welfare, and much else besides. Calling something "structural" is intended to make it conceptually permanent, but it also invites us to restructure it.

President Reagan has not been aggressive enough in his response to Mondale's tax challenge. He said that, no, there will be no new taxes, but there may be some if the deficit is not reduced, etc. Baker and Dole have created the impression that, yes, there may very well be new taxes. But the bottom line is that it is the private sector that creates taxable wealth, and that the way to stimulate economic activity in the private sector is not to *raise* taxes but to *lower* them, as Jack Kemp and Lewis Lehrman have said and are saying.

Reagan is being urged by some to pledge that there will be no rise in taxes next year. That is sound, but too timid. He should pledge a tax cut for ordinary Americans—who know better how to spend their own money than Mondale does—beginning with the increase in the personal exemption that Reagan has already proposed. He might also drive home the point that Mondale, who opposes indexation, would allow inflation to push those *families* into higher and higher tax brackets, from which the wealthy are protected by having got to the highest bracket already. Mario Cuomo's "wagon train" is nothing but the old federal gravy train in frontier drag.

Fritz the Artisan

WALTER MONDALE deserves credit for one thing: He not only won the Democratic nomination but managed to do it without tearing the party to shreds, as Gary Hart, Jesse Jackson, or even John Glenn would have done. He hung tough after New Hampshire, and his campaign was an exercise in damage control and suicide prevention. No doubt it was largely because Democrats saw that he, unlike some of his more exciting rivals, was no prima donna that he ultimately won a consensus making up in mass what it lacked in fire.

You can count on Fritz. What you see is what you get. No quirks, no hidden depths, no skeletons in the closet: His idea of scandal is being photographed smoking one of the cigars he—we'd better say allegedly—enjoys. He has been a hyper-loyal Democrat all his life, has dutifully moved leftward with the party (one can as easily imagine him moving rightward with it, had fate so dictated), and is now reaping the reward of his spotless fidelity. Even what he now calls his biggest political mistake—failing to oppose the Vietnam War until 1969—was merely the inertia of a herd member: Most Democrats turned against the war the same year, when Richard Nixon took office.

Seldom has there been a more perfect fit between creature and habitat, ideology and interest, than that between Walter Mondale and the Democratic party line at any moment. He adopts on cue a perfunctory enthusiasm for affirmative action, feminism, a nuclear freeze, gay rights, or deficit reduction. He doesn't exactly *mean* any of it; but you can't call him a hypocrite, because he doesn't mean anything else, either.

He is no monster, but he is the compleat hack, and such types, willing to flatter and nourish any momentary pocket of discontent, can be unexpectedly tough. He has staying power and he can make the most of a weak hand. He had the wisdom not to let himself be pressured into denouncing Jesse Jackson: What he lost in moral stature he more than made up in party harmony. November is a long way off, and this plodding tortoise has already survived several hares.

None Dare Call It Sodomy

A GROUP OF gay Republicans plan to demonstrate against Ronald Reagan at the Dallas Convention. No doubt they will enjoy all the media coverage that was discreetly withheld from homosexual groups in San Francisco, who entertained onlookers with, e.g., religious blasphemy.

"One of the big winners [at San Francisco] among the interest groups was the homosexual community," reports the *Washington Post*. True. The Democratic platform pledges not only gay-rights additions to the 1964 Civil Rights Act, but several other favors, including a federally funded search for a cure for AIDS. The Democrats are also requiring that all state delegations to the 1988 convention try to include homosexuals in proportion to their numbers in the general population. Got that, Texas?

All this was surely as "historic," in its way, as the nomination of Geraldine Ferraro. More so, in fact. The nomination of a woman is in keeping with American individualism and Judaeo-Christian morality. The indulgence of the homosexual lobby is not. It is a radical departure.

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And yet, once again, the media obligingly withheld attention that might have undercut the myth *du jour*: that the Democrats have "reclaimed" from the Republicans the traditional themes of family, faith, flag, and "basic American values." Funny thing: When the Republicans asserted these values, the media treated them with skepticism and irony. When the Democrats suddenly embrace them for political effect, the media take them at face value. Democrats may pose as Republicans without having their good faith challenged.

The conspiracy of demagogy may have serious results indeed. In the current *American Spectator*, Patrick Buchanan and Dr. J. Gordon Muir survey a range of highly unappetizing diseases, formerly exotic but currently endemic among American homosexuals. Some can be fatal. Some can spread to the general community. None can be allayed by assuring people that it is their "right" to treat the lower digestive tract as a sexual organ.

The Queens Mondale

THOUGH GERALDINE FERRARO is often described as representing Archie Bunker's district in Congress, her voting record is more like the Meathead's.

She can support Mondale's promise to raise taxes with a clear conscience. She opposed the Reagan income-tax cuts of 1981; supported the Dole tax increases of 1982; and voted this summer for a "deficit reduction" package that consisted chiefly of $50 billion in new taxes. She resisted attempts during the Carter years to trim the budget, and opposed both versions of the Gramm-Latta budget cuts of 1981. She voted against the balanced-budget amendment in 1982, and for the congressional Black Caucus's budget plan—more taxes, heavy defense cuts, more domestic spending—this spring. (In her first major speech after her nomination she attacked the deficit as "a national shopping binge paid for by money borrowed by the Federal Government.")

Over the years she has voted against the MX and the B-1, and she voted this May to bar tests of anti-satellite missiles. She opposes the covert war in Nicaragua and aid to El Salvador. In 1980, she supported a $75-million aid package—to the Sandinistas.

She has favored windfall-profit taxes, oil price controls, and the Chrysler bailout. She backed a six-month moratorium on nuclear-reactor construction after Three Mile Island.

Geraldine Ferraro is a long-time supporter of tuition tax credits, but has announced that she will accommodate her views to Mondale's (he opposes them). She supports abortion-on-demand and federal subsidies of abortion, most recently—this June—voting to secure rights of federal employees to cover their abortions with federal health insurance.

Walter Mondale has balanced the ticket in terms of gender only. Ideologically, he has found a Doppelgänger.

Stirrings on the Court

THE GOOD NEWS is that disliking the Supreme Court is all right again. In recent years most of the criticism of the Court's decisions and of its political role had come from conservatives. The liberal response had most often been that the Court is an old and venerable institution whose decisions are "the law of the land." If this were intended as a serious argument it could hardly be more superfluous, since any serious critic of the Court is keenly aware that five Justices can enact any policy they like into a law no legislature can repeal. The principal effect of the "law of the land" slogan, however, is to waft the innuendo that those who continue to argue about an issue once the Court has decided it are at least slightly un-American. In helping to secure a confused and grudging popular acquiescence in policies for which few modern Americans (and even fewer ratifiers of the Constitution) would ever have voted, the tactic of Court-worship has served the liberal establishment well.

The vigorous reaction in the press and elsewhere to a few of the Court's decisions in the term just ended, however, suggests that the honeymoon may be over. In reporting on the exclusionary-rule cases decided on the last day of the term, for instance, press reports did not emphasize the narrow scope and limited practical importance of the exception to the rule announced by the Court. The exclusionary rule, based on the Fourth Amendment, forbids the use of evidence in court if the evidence was seized illegally. The rule usually governs situations where the police seize evidence without a search warrant. In the two recent cases the police *did* have warrants issued by judges and believed by the police officers to be valid, but appellate courts later discovered defects in the warrants. (In one case the appellate court decided that the judge did not have legally sufficient reason to believe that a cache of drugs was on the premises, although the drugs in fact turned out to be there. In the other case the police sought and found the weapon with which the defendant had bludgeoned a woman to death, but the judge had used a printed form designed for drug searches and had not altered it sufficiently to change the drug warrant into a bludgeon warrant.)

When the Court devised the exclusionary rule in the first place—and it was not until 1961 that it was held to be a rule of constitutional law binding on state and local governments—it was to deter police misconduct, not judicial error. The Court has now concluded simply that no police misconduct is likely to be deterred by reversing convictions where the police did only what they had been told in advance

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by judges that it was proper to do. Yet the press did not seem happy, and the legal director of the American Civil Liberties Union was even unhappier. Reflecting on the exclusionary-rule cases and others of the recent term, he declared that the Court was not so much "conservative" as "statist." He added that the Justices had adopted the role of "cheerleaders for the government."

Other recent cases have also generated more controversy than they deserved. When the Court held that a federal court could not, under the 1964 Civil Rights Act, require a fire department to eliminate its "last hired, first fired" seniority system, the decision required only a straightforward reading of the act itself, which contains an explicit exemption for "bona-fide seniority systems." But the decision has been portrayed as a significant reversal for civil rights in general, in part perhaps because some journalists seem to be under the remarkable impression that the Court announced that fire departments shall henceforth be *required* to institute seniority systems that discriminate against blacks.

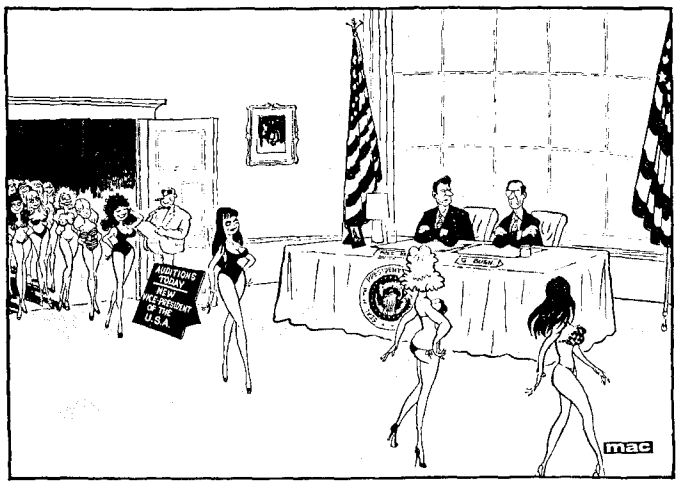
Similarly, the Court's decision not to prohibit cities and towns from including representations of the infant Christ in Christmas displays has been presented as something other than the easy case it was in the light of the history of the First and Fourteenth Amendments. Indeed, the awkward thing about Chief Justice Burger's opinion in that case was his attempt to reconcile the constitutionality of Christmas crêches with the unconstitutionality of other practices, such as school prayer, that were prohibited not by the Framers of the Constitution but by the Warren Court.

So the bad news is that the conservative revolution in the Court has not actually occurred. What did happen last term, perhaps more often than in other recent terms, is that five Justices chose to interpret statutes and constitutional provisions according to the intentions of those who enacted them, rather than to lead cheers for the ACLU. The three youngest members of the Court—Justices O'Connor, Rehnquist, and White—were almost always members of this precarious majority. If President Reagan is re-elected in November, the next four years might see the emergence of a Court majority that really would question the Warren Court's assumptions about the role of the federal judiciary in our society. This, perhaps, is what really upsets the Court's new critics.

Two for Canada

JOHN TURNER, the new-minted Canadian prime minister, lost no time calling an election. With his party ahead in the polls for the first time in two years, he wants a vote before electors conclude he's just another Liberal.

Brian Mulroney's Tories have lost one of the big-



Mac, *Daily Mail* / Rotheo

"Quit beefing, George! If you were as pretty as Mondale's Number Two, I wouldn't be doing this."

gest leads on record. In part this reversal derives from the replacement of the discredited left-wing Trudeau with the attractive trimmer, Turner. However, the Liberals' face-lift would not have proved a vote-getter had the Tories not engaged in some ill-conceived cosmetics of their own.

Brian Mulroney snatched the Tory leadership from the inept Joe Clark last year in a coup organized by the party's right wing. Although Mulroney was clearly no Margaret Thatcher, he did promise a more conservative approach after a quarter-century of leftward drift. With the Canadian economy in free fall, unemployment headed for near-depression levels, and a fiscal deficit of unimaginable proportions, the nation was ripe for a dose of realism. This, Mulroney gave them for a while, but when his lead in the polls reached the magisterial, he changed course. He promoted Clark loyalists to key parliamentary roles, replacing serious reformers. His earlier criticism of handout programs changed to an apparent born-again commitment to the entire panoply of the welfare state.

The Tory strategy means voters will choose between two parties with indistinguishable platforms led by corporate lawyers who weren't even in Parliament a year ago. Despite the blurring, there *is* more than a depreciated Canadian dime's worth of difference between the parties: The Liberals are and will be dominated by their Quebec representation, which has given the party its socialist tendency, whereas the Tories are and will be dominated by their Ontario and Western representation, which has given the party its conservative tendency.

The good news from Canada this year is the virtual collapse of the avowedly socialist New Democratic Party (NDP). With its standing in the polls down to 10 per cent, it could be reduced to mere fringe status in the next Parliament. After the 1972 election, the NDP held the balance of power, a situation conducive to the proclivities of the left wing of the Liberal cabinet. The then finance minister had little choice but to acquiesce in policies that ultimately proved disastrous.

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He left politics soon after. That man was John Turner. This time he has no fear of the NDP. He does have reason to fear the Tories, despite their stumbles, because they just might convince voters they offer the only chance of change.

Latin America Watch

A PLOT TO foment social chaos in Costa Rica. Discovered by the Union of Chambers. The malefactors: 11 deputies and several high-ranking officials, all with Sandinista connections. Confronted with the evidence, President Luis Alberto Monge has acted, beginning with an investigative commission headed by Vice President Armando Arauz.

► The Palestine Liberation Organization intensifies its activities in Latin America (including the Caribbean), where it is active in 22 countries. On July 6, more than two hundred PLO members met in São Paulo, Brazil, to plan operations in the Western Hemisphere. They seek to play a decisive role in the Central American revolutions.

► In Nicaragua the Sandinista Youth Movement announces that members will fight the *Contras* during summer vacations. And that all young men and women who fail more than three subjects in school will be conscripted.

► Cubans will no longer need to go to the Soviet Union to learn to fly MiGs. Cuba graduated its first class from its own training center last month. And Cubans have delivered to Managua MiGs sold by the Soviets earlier in the year. These were shipped (not flown) and then assembled in Nicaragua by Soviet, Cuban, and Bulgarian technicians.

George H. Gallup, RIP

GEORGE GALLUP was the pioneering figure in public-opinion polling, an activity that has become so fundamental to our politics that it is difficult to conceive of its not existing. Yet it did not exist before 1936, at least on a national basis. It was then that Gallup first used it, to predict the victory of Franklin Roosevelt over Alf Landon. Gallup developed the sampling techniques and the questions that have made polls a permanent part of our consciousness, not only reflecting reality, but shaping it as well.

In a larger perspective, polls are part of a continuing cognitive advance that is an important aspect of the modern consciousness itself. Alfred Kinsey began his work at about the same time as Gallup, and teams of sociologists were turned loose on the U.S. military forces during World War II, accumulating an enormous amount of fundamental data for later analysis. The quantitative approach to human behavior has undergone great refinement at the hands of economists and other social scientists, pressing forward into previously unknown territory, though there will always remain areas of reality inaccessible to even the most refined quantitative approach.

George Gallup preserved an extraordinary integrity. He never worked for a political contender. He refused even to vote. His career was a triumph of intelligence and character. He died at 82, in Switzerland.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Bill:

I don't like to brag, but I have just received a PLATINUM card from Hertz. There is nowhere you can go after platinum—except possibly plutonium.

I'm really afraid to carry the card in my pocket because in case of a stickup it would be the first one the thieves would go for. Rumor has it that the underworld will now kill for a Platinum card. You and I have both come a long way in the journalism profession, but I don't know how much higher you can go in life than to become the owner of a Hertz Platinum card. I would say we have achieved the American Dream.

Sincerely,
Art [Buchwald]
Washington, D.C.

Dear Art: The only reason you got a platinum Hertz card, and I know this for a fact, is that you tipped off the company it would be Geraldine in San Francisco. Well, I've just tipped them off that Geraldine will be a has-been after November. I expect my card in the next mail. Cordially, Bill

☐ Memo to: Bill
From: Joe Sobran

To pursue the point a little [raised by your objections to my paragraph deriding Anthony Lewis's patriotism, and making the comparison between him and Henry Wallace—"Notes & Asides," July 27]: Whatever it was that made Henry Wallace Henry Wallace makes Tony Tony. I don't mean either naïveté or villainy; I mean the yearning for a certain kind of social order and the desire to see it approximated somewhere. The Soviet Union is no longer a plausible vehicle for the generically socialist impulse; you can't be a fellow-traveler any more, you have to work around the USSR somehow. But when it comes down to a punch-out between an antisocialist like Reagan and the USSR, then, à la Trotsky, you have to shift as much of the blame to Reagan as possible, and concentrate on his "share" of the blame. I know the temptation by analogy. I have a similar temptation to put the

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best face on d'Aubuisson or apartheid, not because I idealize them but because in the current struggle they are "objectively progressive." You have to be careful not to yield to that temptation, but Tony has been yielding to it rather spectacularly, and we ought to make him pay, *pour décourager les autres.*

NR's gigantic running gag for thirty years has been the liberal double standard. That's another way of saying what Hayek would say, that "liberals" aren't liberal. Hayek, you know, makes roughly the same distinction as Oakeshott (and Jouvenel and Aron) between "rule-governed" orders (Oakeshott's "civil association" or "nomocracy") and "end-governed" ones ("enterprise association" or "teleocracy"). Today's liberals have divided souls: They are teleocrats at heart, i.e., socialists in this case, but they talk the language of nomocracy, the rhetoric of procedure. They want, contradictorily, to keep both commitments ("democratic socialists" is one popular formula), but the verbal commitment to free process keeps breaking down under the pressure of the socialist temptation. Which is why they can be so sympathetic to "progressive" regimes that have obliterated every trace of free speech, trial by jury, civil liberties, etc. The ACLU is the archetypal case of an outfit nominally devoted to liberalism but governed, at heart, by a left-wing agenda. Why else would they have to keep making a big thing about occasionally defending *right*-wing extremists, except that they dimly sense the truth about themselves?

Put another way, liberalism is in crisis because of its old and simple assumption that its nomocratic proceduralism would naturally dovetail with its teleocratic substance. Instead, the two things have come into conflict. Jim Hitchcock keeps citing an English historian, Edward Norman, who says a rising elite more or less always calls for tolerance and procedural freedom until it's in a position to insist on its own orthodoxy. In America socialism has worn the liberal mask and fooled some of its own adherents. Nat Hentoff is a good example of a guy who really turns out to be primarily committed to free process, but that's rare. Cockburn and Garry Wills, on the other hand, don't bother with the proceduralist guise: They want a certain outcome, and it's a matter of indifference whether the means is "democratic." For most libs, obviously, the problem isn't yet central: They go on living their naïve double life, "reforming" the procedures until they get the result they want (civil rights becomes "affirmative action"), all the while convinced of their own pure devotion to free process for its own sake.

This may seem a bit congested, but I'll soon have you a longer, clearer article about it.

Joe: I look forward to reading it. —Bill

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

If one had attended the combined 1982-83 season of programs offered by the Cleveland, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, and Chicago Symphony Orchestras, one would have heard exactly four works by the composer J. S. Bach. This is compared with 27 works of Brahms, 33 of Mozart, and 29 of Beethoven.

A visitor from another planet, having attended all of these concerts, might conclude that Bach's rank as a composer falls somewhere beneath that of Kodály, from whom he heard five offerings, and slightly higher than Berg, from whom he heard only three.

I hope you will put this information to good use.

Yours sincerely,
Philip DeMuth, PhD
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Dear Dr. DeMuth: It is time for affirmative action. But don't despair. Bach's three-hundredth is just around the corner, and we'll all be humming Goldberg's variations. Cordially, —**WFB**

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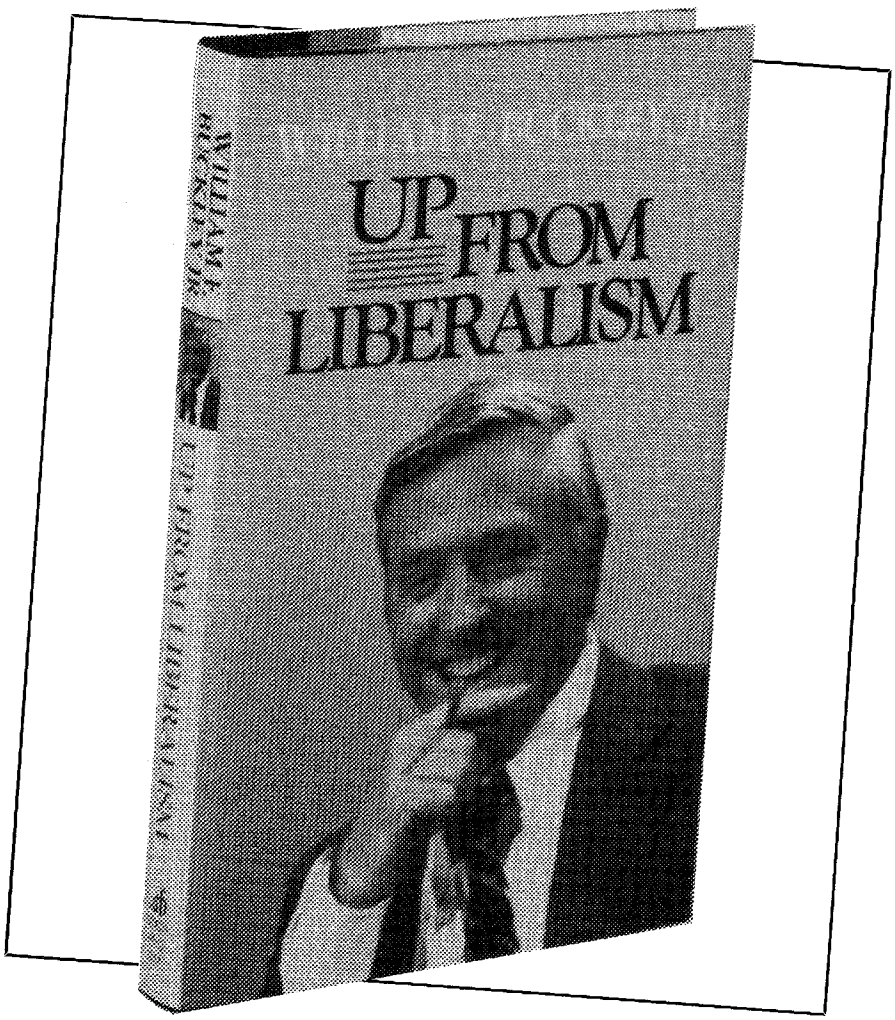
if you haven't read William F. Buckley, Jr.'s book that helped change the political complexion of America from spotted pink to what it is today.



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DEAR DIARY

RANCHO DEL CIELO. Mondale made a strategic blunder when he said that he'd raise taxes. He should have pinned the tax increase on us, and staked out tax reform as his ground. With reform, you get a broader base, address the deficit, raise more revenues, and keep the process fair. That's the territory we're going to cover. We want more growth and a fair system. They want higher taxes and no growth. We want more reform; they want more quick-fix revenue. We're going to high-road it, stay positive, and talk up the record.

Last time around, I asked the American people to put this question to themselves: Are you better off today than you were four years ago? This year I'm going to ask the same question when Mondale and I debate—which we'll do twice, once on foreign policy and once on domestic. I'll stand on our achievement: a record number of Americans working, with more women employed than ever before; unemployment way down and probably in the 6 per cent range by November; real after-tax personal income up by almost 6 per cent over '83; real growth at 8 per cent; inflation at 3 per cent; capital investment up; housing construction up; auto sales way up. And this engine has also pulled Europe and Japan out of their recessions, something the press never talks about.

True, interest rates are edging up, but the odds of the prime hitting 16, where it becomes real trouble, before November are about 100 to 1. Higher interest rates don't pinch the way they used to, anyway. Savers are getting record earnings from their deposits—thanks to our banking deregulation—so both sides of the ledger are up, and maybe structurally so. As for the deficits, we've got to put out the good news—what's happening at the state and local levels. The governors are telling me that our boom is so strong that tax revenues have soared from new businesses and big sales volumes, bringing with them state and local *surpluses*, not deficits. Even at the federal level, the deficit is a smaller percentage of the GNP—3.5 per cent—than at any recent time. We'll lick the deficit, through income and Social Security tax revenues from new and re-employed workers; through taxes on higher wages and profits; through unemployment compensation's no longer being paid out of the federal treasury.

I never thought that the deficit could be made into a campaign issue, but we have to watch this one. For all his obvious demagoguery, Cuomo's kind of talk could taint the whole expansion—calling it a phony recovery, built on a phony base. We've got to wage the war on our turf, not theirs—high employment, low inflation, high profits, high wages, high growth.

Why is it that I get a perverse kick out of listening to Fritz Mondale and Geraldine Ferraro trumpet their humble origins, and flail out at me? Is it because they're only proving my economics, my politics, my philosophy—unwittingly? Fritz didn't become a millionaire by relying on government giveaways. Geraldine didn't buy her four homes through a welfare program. Her husband didn't get his apartment buildings through a HUD grant.

At the convention, Mondale said that if I wanted to run on the 1980 issues this year, I could go ahead. He'll run on the future, not the past, which translates as, "Don't remind me of my Left extremism." (If it looks like a duck, quacks like a duck, and waddles like a duck, it's a duck.) The Democratic platform, Mondale says, trying to look less liberal, doesn't call for big corporate taxes, or sharp cuts in defense, or a laundry list of treasury payouts. Also, he and Mrs. Ferraro are invoking family values, à la Reagan—despite giving gays full caucus status, and despite supportive planks on militant feminism and abortion-on-demand. As Lyn Nofziger says: "I guess it depends on your definition of family."

On the foreign-affairs side, the tide is running in our direction, too. The *populations of the Soviet bloc are restive*, thanks to the never-ending economic dreariness and failures of Communism. The Soviets have raised the price of oil exports to their satellites and curtailed sales of other products so much that Hungary, East Germany, Rumania, and even Poland want increased commercial ties with us.

Even my staff doesn't believe me when I say that at no time in the past decade has there been more justified optimism for world stability and peace. Despite that little hiccup in the Netherlands, the Europeans are solidly behind the Pershings and cruises, and they're making giant strides toward bolstering *their conventional defenses*. Eurocommunism has slipped to new lows, especially in France where the Communists got a mere 11 per cent of the vote for the European Parliament. Duarte visited West Germany, France, Belgium, Portugal, and Britain and not only got favorable political support for our policy in El Salvador, but even financial help from West Germany.

MEANWHILE Fritz and Gerry want retreat. They believe that if we get out of Central America, the Soviets, the Cubans, and the Nicaraguans will all quietly go away. If we *go to the negotiating table without* preconditions, the Soviets will sign an agreement. How ironic that the Democratic Party now stands for pullback, isolationism, and non-involvement.

Lyn tells me that the political talk in San Francisco was heavy at the Sutter 500 Café, where Gordon, the bartender, was telling anyone who would listen that the theme of the Democratic Convention was "Minnesota Mondale and the Party of Doom." Pass that on to Deaver. □

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NICARAGUA
CHRISTIANS UNDER FIRE
HUMBERTO BELLI • A MAJOR REPORT

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"The reasoning is clear, the documentation is ample, the conclusion is compelling. North Americans simply must attend to Humberto Belli's argument. Those who fail to do so may find themselves serving as apologists for oppression."

Pastor RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS
Director, The Center on Religion and Society

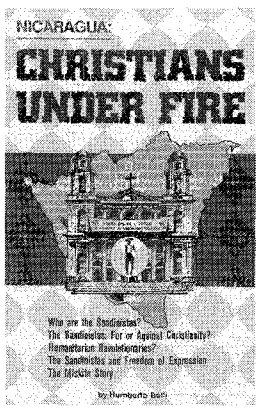
"The author's credentials are impeccable and he has produced an account that is incisive and broad-based. His opposition to the evils of the Somoza regime makes him a very credible witness of the greater evils of the Sandinista government."

Most Rev. PHILIP HANNAN
Archbishop of New Orleans

Behind the headlines of revolution and counterrevolution, a deep and sometimes violent conflict has been growing between the Sandinista regime and the Christian churches. Reports have come from many whose sympathies are with the right or the left—but often from individuals who have a slight acquaintance with the country. In Nicaragua: Christians Under Fire, Nicaraguan sociologist and lawyer Humberto Belli, a former Sandinista and an editor of La Prensa, examines the Sandinistas' fundamental commitments, their human rights record, and their escalating struggle with the Christian churches. Chapters include:

- Who are the Sandinistas?
- The Sandinistas: For or Against Christianity?
- Humanitarian Revolutionaries?
- The Sandinistas and Freedom of Expression
- The Miskito Story

Nicaragua: Christians Under Fire is a publication of The Puebla Institute, an independent, nonprofit organization with offices in San Jose, Costa Rica, and Detroit, Michigan.



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ASSETS IN THE MIDDLE EAST

AFTER AN interruption for health reasons, I find myself still worried about the Middle East, and especially about Soviet involvements there. This time, I want to concentrate on assets, actual or potential, in that area. I have in mind two countries, Iraq and Turkey, both controversial—at least in the eyes of U.S. congressmen—yet both of great importance.

Experts differ, but some of them are convinced that the oil reserves of Iraq exceed those of Saudi Arabia. In the protracted war over resources, it is vitally important to prevent Iraq from falling under alien control.

For nearly four years, Iraq has been locked in mortal combat with the fanatical neighboring Islamic Republic in Iran. At this late stage in the game, it has become almost irrelevant to ask who started it or to lament the fact that the Gulf War, far from bringing down the Ayatollah Khomeini, has consolidated his ghastly regime, which sends boys of 12 to their deaths, to which they go willingly because they wear, around their necks, a (plastic) "key to paradise."

The relevant point is what would happen if the Islamic Republic defeated the regime of Saddam Hussein in Iraq. The immediate consequence would doubtless include massacres of Sunni Moslems and the imposition of an Islamic Republic based upon the slight majority of Shiites on the Iraqi side. Nor would the Iranian fanatics stop there, for the "holy war" they have decreed basically aims at the reconstitution of the old Persian empire of the Sassanian dynasty (226 to 651 A.D.). This is scarcely feasible, considering, for example, that the Sassanians ruled over some areas (Armenia, Georgia) that are now part of the USSR. But feasibility never deterred fanatics.

The real problem, from the standpoint of Western security, is the vulnerability of the Iranian regime, once the Ayatollah in his turn enters paradise (or perhaps another place). Although the regime instituted a purge of the Tudeh (Communist) Party in May of last year, a number of Tudeh members or sympathizers appear still to be in important jobs. (The Commander-in-Chief, Ground Forces, Colonel Sayad Shirazi, is said to be a member.)

There are Soviet advisors still in Iran, reportedly training revolutionary guards and the secret police, the SAVAMA. The KGB is said to be operating through Afghan diplomatic personnel, and activists are being sent to Cuba. Certainly the possibility of a Soviet takeover cannot be ruled out.

Typically, the Soviets have been supplying both sides in the Gulf War, through proxies. The American and British attitude can best be summed up as "a plague on both your houses," the net effect of which has been that Iraq has been finding it difficult to purchase essential industrial products, the only substantial Western supplier being France.

This somewhat artificial neutrality may harmonize with the blanket congressional disapproval of dictatorships, but is it too much to hope, even in a presidential election year, that the Administration will at least draw up a contingency plan to intervene, *in extremis*, should Iraq face defeat?

One other point, before leaving Iraq. The Iraqis signed one of the earliest of the long series of "friendship" treaties between Third World countries and the USSR. The text agreed upon in 1972 is a good deal less bellicose than the corresponding pact with Syria, which amounts almost to an alliance, but it has some residual force. The Iraqis should be given assurances that they have friends in the West, too.

The other asset for the West in the Near or Middle East is Turkey. Relations with the United States were of course soured by the Turkish invasion of Cyprus in July 1974. That December, the United States suspended military aid to Turkey, and Turkey retaliated by suspending the 1969 cooperation agreement with the United States.

The United States did not lift its arms embargo until September 1978, and it was not until March 29, 1980, that an "Agreement for Cooperation on Defense and Economy" marked reconciliation of a kind between the two countries. As far as I can judge, the Reagan Administration is determined to iron out any remaining tensions with Ankara. In this, as in so many other areas, however, the President proposes and Congress disposes. There is a sizable Greek lobby, unmatched on the Turkish side. Thus last year Congress slashed $40 million from the proposed $759-million military-aid program to Turkey, while stepping up aid to Greece from $280 million to $500 million.

CYPRUS REMAINS a bone of contention. Last November Turkish Cypriots, led by Rauf Denktash, proclaimed the "Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus." Governments have not exactly been standing in line to recognize it. So far, if I am not mistaken, there has only been one taker: Turkey itself.

There are ironies in this situation. By all accounts the Turkish Cypriot Republic is an oasis of calm and good behavior, in stark contrast to the anti-Western stance of the Moscow-leaning Republic of Cyprus in the South. If, as we all hope, Ronald Reagan is re-elected in November, he could do worse than consider the advantages of recognizing, or at the very least aiding economically, the Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus.

As for Turkey, with the defeat of terrorism and the restoration of constitutional rule, it is now, more than ever, a stabilizing force in the Eastern Mediterranean. □

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REAGAN: THE AYES HAVE IT

WHEN DID I first hear "the President"? I didn't notice, so I have forgotten. Nowadays I can't avoid it. "The President," for your information, is the man who was known, until January 1981, as Ronald Reagan, and who will in all likelihood be known by that name again in January 1989. But for the duration he is, to all those who work for him—from the White House basement to the farthest reaches of commissions and semi-private corporations—"the President." Not "President Reagan," not "Mr. Reagan," not "Reagan," not "Ron." They say it, not just on the job, which might be understandable, but among themselves; to ink-stained wretches like me. Ronald Reagan has become like YHWH, possessor of an Unnamable Name.

This ubiquitous locution, symbol of all that is stupid and stupefying about Washington, marks one sort of limit on the Reagan Administration's record. "Power does not corrupt," a tough young conservative told me. "First it deranges, then it corrupts." Yes, deranges even us. The best crumble only at the edges (even my informant says, after hours and over drinks, "the President"). The worst scheme, backbite, seduce secretaries, promote secretaries, go to the right parties, seek the right parties, enjoy the right parties, leak to the press, appear in the "Style" section, grow in office. Isn't this the behavior of every large organization, more or less? Yes, but in Washington, unlike Los Angeles, or Houston, or New York, or other places, there is only one, vast umbrella organization. Washington is our last and largest company town, except that instead of sweated Slovak miners, it is filled with junior and senior executives. All we like sheep have gone astray.

So the Reagan Administration did not repeal human nature. It was also unable to undo various previous actions, whose consequences it suffered from. It was under strong Reagan, not weak Carter, that Solidarity, the most heroic phenomenon of the last 35 years, was smashed, with total impunity for the wrecking party. Reagan did try to sabotage the Siberian gas pipeline (even under Carter, there had been a grain embargo in response to the invasion of Afghanistan—promptly lifted by Reagan). There is nothing in nature that gives Moscow fiat over Warsaw. But there is also nothing in nature to restore the conditions of 1945 or 1956, when something might have been done about it. So the most anti-Communist President of the post-war period was reduced to expressions of sympathy that, in effect, differed little from petulance.

But between the inescapable and the untouchable lies the margin of will called politics. During the Reagan Administration, there have been political omissions, some good, some bad. There was no Law of the Sea treaty. The White House was not used as a bully pulpit to plug the ERA. There was no vast and niggling energy program (what happened to the energy crisis, anyway?). There was also no concerted push on abortion. As Ronald Reagan prepares to be "the President" for four more years, he can look back on three large positive achievements: one an honorable extension of old policies; one a revolution in American politics; one an application of the epitaph of George Washington Plunkitt—"He seen his opportunities, and he took 'em."

The Problem of NATO

THE DECISION to deploy American intermediate-range missiles in Europe was not Ronald Reagan's. It had been requested by Helmut Schmidt, and made by Jimmy Carter.

The cause of Schmidt's and Carter's concern was the new Soviet intermediate-range missile, the SS-20, and their fear was simple: Would America continue to threaten overwhelming retaliation for a swift and strictly local assault? If Hamburg went—or might go—would Americans still be willing to pitch in Chicago? And if the Euros feared the Yanks would waver, what deals would they be tempted to cut on the side? Installing the Pershings and the cruises, so the thinking went, would give America more flexibility, and everyone that much less reason to pull apart.

The Soviets accordingly put on a full-court press against the missiles. They cheered on the American freeze movement, and more than cheered on the more bellicose European anti-nukes. Reagan was widely shushed for suggesting as much (and for citing *Reader's Digest* as his source). But the Soviets engaged in unquiet diplomacy as well. On the eve of the West German elections, Gromyko browbeat the Bonn parliament, and Schmidt's successor as leader of the now-soft Social Democrats was invited to Moscow for extended dalliance. But Reagan and the German electorate held firm, and NATO survived.

For another season. The tactical success is encompassed in a larger strategic stagnation. The nations of the NATO alliance are straining apart, or so their actions would seem to indicate. Everyone has designed his own pattern of détente, and none of them match; the day Solidarity was crushed found Helmut Schmidt hobnobbing with East Germans, a pastime he refused to curtail even to express condolences. There is an obvious way out of the impasse: for America to leave NATO altogether, and for the West to stop feigning a unity it does not feel. True unity of purpose, it is argued, would then emerge. Ernest van den Haag has said as much in these pages, and Irving Kristol has carried the theme abroad. It is an idea so seductive, there must be something wrong with it. Since we are talking about

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junking a forty-year-old structure, we can probably afford to give it some more thought.

The problem of NATO is enfolded in the larger problem of our Soviet policy. Ronald Reagan is widely accused of lacking one, an accusation that may be both true and unfair. What kind of a Soviet policy, in the sense of a definite goal to be reached by achievable steps, can there be? Richard Nixon's *Real Peace* made a strong argument that hard-headed détente—carrots plus big sticks—was the best way of managing Soviet aggression: a thesis that would probably win the assent of most policy gamesters. The consensus breaks down where the policy does, in actual political implementation. Americans believe in the brotherhood of man, or the protracted conflict, not in balance of power. The Machiavellians themselves, when in office or seeking it, lurch from one mode to the other (as Richard Nixon, who toasted the Long March 12 years after expressing his willingness to fight for Quemoy and Matsu, can attest).

There is work here, not so much for a second term, as for Reaganites who are now in the midst or even at the beginning of their careers. Meanwhile, giving the old engine another tune-up was accomplishment enough.

Jujitsu Tactics

GARY HART—already the memory fades—was, he said, the candidate of new ideas, whose freshness came from his ability to "jujitsu" the issues—to take them from unexpected angles, and flip their thrust into new directions. As Hart faded, the jujitsu imagery was picked up by Mario Cuomo's minions, who boasted that his keynote speech would accomplish the same trick with the family issue—redefining it in a proper, that is liberal, light.

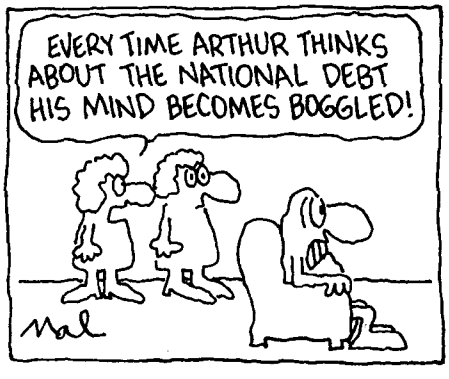
Well, Cuomo's great oration was warmed-over New Deal, and Hart's new ideas were a potluck supper, most of it half-baked. The one truly new idea and effective political karate chop of the last six years came from Jack Kemp.

I first heard of Kemp-Roth in 1978, from an old friend who was working on Jeff Bell's Senate campaign. He drew the Curve (on a napkin, no less), and gave me to understand that this was nothing other than the salvation of America—as well as Jack Kemp's ticket to the White House. "Phil Crane's notion of a conservative revolution," he explained loftily, "is to elect as many of his siblings as possible to Congress; Reagan's is to co-opt liberal Republicans by picking them as running-mates."

Reagan's notions, it turned out, also included recognizing a good idea when he saw one; and tax-cutting was—is—indisputably a good idea. My understanding of economics is rudimentary. At that level, the Laffer Curve is simple common sense. If you tax a thing, you will have less of it. Tax effort, tax production, tax imagination, they wither. The higher figures, as usual, can be (and have been) made to prove anything. Clearer heads must assay by how much, if at all, the tax-rate cuts were too little, or too late.

What must be obvious, even to laymen, is the political effect of Kemp-Roth. The terms of the debate were entirely transformed. The Republicans changed themselves, if only briefly, from a party of Hooverian Scrooges, to boosters and go-getters. The only thing the Democrats meanwhile could think to interpose before the torrent was—the balanced budget. There, suddenly, was *The New Republic*'s TRB (the old TRB, the one who'd been around since Teapot Dome), explaining to his astonished readers that deficits require the Federal Government to *print money*, or borrow; if government *borrows*, then interest rates *go up*. . . . And there too were Teddy and Tip and Fritz, all those gimlet-eyed old accountants, intoning the same prudent psalm.

Many Republicans, it is true—sometimes, it seems, all Republicans, except for Reagan and Kemp, the original faithful—have taken fright, in the face of the recession, and of the liberal counterattack on other grounds (fairness and compassion). They are not comfortable not being doomsayers, and



there was truth in the old doomsaying after all. The Democrats, on the other hand, play their new role with gusto. And surely it will backfire on them. For the great inflater of the budget has not been, *pace* Gary Hart, "the most wasteful bureaucracy," the Pentagon, but entitlements; and the party of entitlements is unmistakably the Democratic Party.

Before his campaign died, in the mud of New Hampshire, Fritz Hollings said an interesting thing. Reagan's deficits, he claimed, were deliberate—a willful mucking up of the government's books so serious that there could be no new social initiatives while they were being put to rights. This was a partisan analysis, imputing malice and distorted by it. The truth is this: If Reagan and the Republicans really believe in their own jujitsu, they will have to focus on the thing that matters, which is production. The budget will take care of itself. To the extent that it does not, let the onus be on the spenders.

Moving Fast in Grenada

I SAW Maurice Bishop once, a few months before he died. He came to New York to address the Council on Foreign Relations. He wore his revolutionary gear, a kind of stylized safari shirt, and brought with him a crew of bodyguards, similarly dressed. Before lunch, at the head of the Harold Pratt House's swooping staircase, he mingled with the dark-suited businessmen and foreign-policy types, who sipped tea out of the council's pink and green china cups, while Bishop's roughs—kids, no older than 17, by the look of them—eyed everyone nervously. "Don't reach for your pen too fast," I warned a companion, "or we'll all go down in a hail of lead."

The council's rules require that all meetings be off the record. Bishop didn't say anything worth quoting. He frankly acknowledged that he was the leader of a revolution, which necessarily involved cutting some human-rights corners. He had come to America to try to meet with the Administration, and he must have felt events closing in on him.

The night of the American landings, an enterprising New York television station thought to get the reactions of the local Grenadian community. There was a group of usual suspects, assem-

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bling a manifesto. But all the Grenadians the cameramen found in stores or on the streets were well pleased. The most vehement was a bearded, middle-aged cab driver. "It's *about time*," he said, in that lilt that makes English a calypso. "I'm *sick* and *tired* of all these Commies running *around* the *world*."

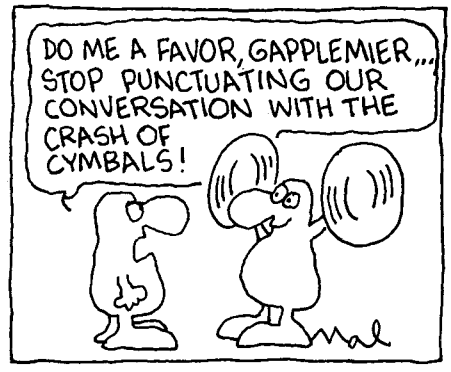
In the end, Bishop went down in a hail of Grenadian lead, from the guns of fellow corner-cutters. The ensuing chaos might well have imperiled the safety of the American medical students on Grenada (that, at least, was their opinion when they arrived in the States and gratefully kissed the tarmac). The Reagan Administration had a reason, and a duty, to act. At the same time, it had not been caught dreaming. Grenada was a watched trouble spot from the beginning; in October 1981, the armed forces held a Caribbean exercise involving the imaginary islands "Amber and the Amberdines" (anyone who imagined Grenada and the Grenadines would not have been far off).

And why not? Grenada was small, remote from its new friends, and indubitably satellized. (It was one of the few nations that voted in the UN General Assembly against condemning the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.) Bishop and his friends had swallowed Leninism bottle, cork, and label. They were raising up the young to be soldiers, and building up the island into an arms dump. Grenada sits astride major tanker routes and offers a foothold in the English-speaking Caribbean. It was a minor problem that could only have gotten worse.

Large problems remain, susceptible of no easy solution (to reimpose the quarantine of Cuba today would take every ship in the Atlantic fleet). It is hard to imagine Reagan striking even at Grenada out of the blue. All the more to his credit that when the chance came he did not balk.

While the 82nd Airborne was landing in Grenada, the Marines were digging out their dead at the Beirut airport. The Lebanese venture was the great positive blunder of the term: not an error of omission, not a mistaken caving in to poorly gauged pressures, but trouble actively sought—and found.

It is hard to remember why the Marines were there. That was the problem. Were they defending Israel? Restraining Israel? Supporting Gemayel? Evacuating Arafat? Warning Syria? Or



(obliquely) Khomeini? Or the Soviets? Could the Marines have accomplished any of these missions? Which of them were worth accomplishing? Where Grenada was clear, doable, and pressing, Lebanon was murky, difficult, and distant. It was military statesmanship, and State Department generalship. It would have been, if persisted in, the one thing that could have lost Reagan the election; the thing that would have come closest to deserving to.

On to November

DURING Gerald Ford's term as "the President," he held a meeting of Republican senators, including Senator James McClure. McClure was pressing some conservative point, when Ford broke in: "You are not a majority in the party; you are certainly not a majority in the country." With the threads of the polygraph taped to his chest, Ford would probably have said that he himself was a conservative. But he was, foremost, a Republican, and Republican psychology is: In their hearts, they know we're wrong.

Perhaps the party's spirits have been lifted and shifted by Kemp-Roth. But because they are Republicans still, I predict a re-election campaign that is limping and inept. I predict it doubly because it is not in Ronald Reagan's temperament to crack the whip. For most of the term, conservatives have debated whether Reagan was being manipulated or misled by ——, or ——, or —— (the task of filling in the blanks I'd rather leave to you). An idle question. Reagan plainly has the kind of staff he has because it is the kind he likes. It is the vice of his virtue: In focusing on a few essential points, numerous important secondary things get done at the last minute, or not at all.

I would give Mondale everything he and Carter carried last time (Hawaii, Minnesota, Georgia, West Virginia, Maryland, Rhode Island, and the District of Columbia), plus Oregon, Massachusetts (reverting to type), New York (voting for Mrs. Ferraro), and at least two of the following three: Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan (where the recession will be least quickly forgotten). Not an enormous Democratic defeat, but still a hefty one. The Republicans should also keep control of the Senate; and gain marginally in the House.

The campaign can't be all that inept.

Healing the Wound

WHEN Ronald Reagan was shot, there flashed into my mind Robert Kennedy—not so much his death, as the way it was covered. All that morning, those many years ago, the radio stations played the running commentary of the distraught newsman who happened to be there in the hallway of the Los Angeles hotel —played it and replayed it, until you had memorized every panicky inflection. The shooting of Reagan gave the video equivalent—the pained look, the prone bodies, the shaking, shouting Secret Service men, over and over.

This sketch of the Reagan Administration is rather desiccated. It would have been so if it had covered forty issues instead of four; for besides issues—what Hart called ideas—there are meta-issues: themes and philosophies. Shaping even these is a politician's tone. The most assertive Presidents have known the importance of tone; the greatest, George Washington, knew it best.

Ronald Reagan's tone shows itself in a dozen different ways—in his remark that Communism would be transcended; in the self-deprecating one-liners, comfortable as old sofas. It showed best in the occasion he did not pick; that picked him. It is ironic that the masochistic anxieties over the sickness of American society should have come, through assassination, to be associated with the Kennedys, for whining was not one of the family vices. Reagan was luckier than the Kennedy brothers, for he survived. But he survived in a way that, on a purely psychological plane, redeemed their deaths. Cracking those jokes, in those circumstances—"On the whole, I'd rather be in Philadelphia"—he lanced the boil. That too was an accomplishment. □

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ENDGAME / RICHMOND CRINKLEY

LOOKING AT NUCLEAR AESTHETICS

"Now is the end.
Perish the world."
—Beyond the Fringe

"HOW WILL IT BE, this end of which you speak?" asks one of the millennialists awaiting the end in *Beyond the Fringe*. "It will be a mighty rendin' in the skies," comes the ready answer of the prophetic leader. And, indeed, the more seemingly possible the end becomes, the greater the detail with which the creative mind, scientific and artistic, renders it. Any day now there will be an Armageddon hotline where people can phone in to find out how cold or how hot it will be, how deeply the soil will be contaminated, whether filtered water is any use, and are there any tickets for the next space shuttle? Most of this imaginative work is coming from the scientists, who are having an especially happy time, not having to reify their hypotheses by experiment. Whatever happens, they are not likely to have to re-argue their prophecies: Either they will, like everyone else, be blown away, suffocated, dehydrated, what-have-you; or they will, like the rest of the survivors, many or few, be sufficiently happy at the planet's endurance not to want to do serious postmortems on their futurology.

One of the puzzlements for the aesthetician in the late twentieth century is that the scientist has encroached upon what used to be the province of the artist. The authority deriving from a knowledge of natural phenomena, combined with a fictive ability to create myths, has given scientists something of the aura that surrounded prophets and oracles in ancient Near Eastern civilizations. They, more than novelists or painters or even filmmakers, have become the seers of our nuclear future.

Twenty years ago Susan Sontag wrote a definitive study of science-fiction films called "The Imagination of Disaster." An indefatigable watcher of even the most obscure examples of the genre, Miss Sontag catalogued the ways in which earthlings confronted one form or another of nuclear disaster. She noted that there was a crazy synergism at work: The frequently happy endings showed a triumph over various potential nuclear disasters—many of them threatened from other planets—while at the same time the repetition of the nuclear threat in so many forms created a kind of narcosis whereby the viewers became immune to fears that their own demise might be brought about by nuclear disaster. They learned to fight ur-*Star Wars* and live with the bomb.

Times have changed and so have the ways we imagine disaster. Both art and popular entertainment have throughout human history confronted apocalypse, and the catalogue of threats to human well-being is extensive. There is the threat from demonic beings or monsters living with us on the planet and usually eager to eat us: for the literati, Grendel to be vanquished by Beowulf; for the moviegoer and reader of popular novels, Dracula to be pinned in his coffin by van Helsing. There is the threat from extraterrestrial forces: In *Paradise Lost* Adam and Eve suffer lasting damage from Satan, who comes into the earth's atmosphere past the guardian angels by assuming another form (since hypocrisy is the one sin the angels cannot detect); and that poem has a distant, if distinctly sub-Miltonic, cousin, *The War of the Worlds*, which as a book, an eerily realistic radio play, and a movie suitably scared at least four generations. There is the threat from devastating war: *The Iliad*, *War and Peace*, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *Mother Courage*, *Gone with the Wind*, and *Apocalypse Now* are eloquent testimonials to a recurring human cataclysm. There is the threat to a society (and by extension to the whole of mankind) from the dark side of human nature in works as diverse as *Oedipus*, *Macbeth*, *The Diary of Anne Frank*, and *The Crucible*. There is the threat of domination of humanity by one malign polity: *Darkness at Noon*, *1984*, and various popular novels document this very real and justifiably pervasive fear. There is the threat of natural disaster or crippling disease, manifested in works as various as Genesis (Noah's flood), Job,

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The Last Days of Pompeii, *Key Largo*, *The Grapes of Wrath*, and *La Peste*.

And now there is nuclear destruction.

The uniqueness of the nuclear threat is that it posits a real possibility of the extinction of human life in totality and therefore is different in kind, on two counts, from the other great threats that our imaginations have confronted. There is little *real* danger of a space invasion, of being devoured by a dragon, of being consanguinated by a vampire. Plagues and famines, on the other hand, are all too real, but there are survivors from them. There is even, to some extent, a choice as to whether or how one allows oneself to be involved in a devastating conventional war. Escape may, for the individual, be a culpable choice but it is nevertheless a possible one. American draft evaders fled to Canada to avoid Vietnam, and English children were sent to North America during the Battle of Britain. But nuclear disaster *could* happen and *could* be inescapable. Therein lies its uniqueness as a condition with which we live and as a subject for the attention of our imaginations.

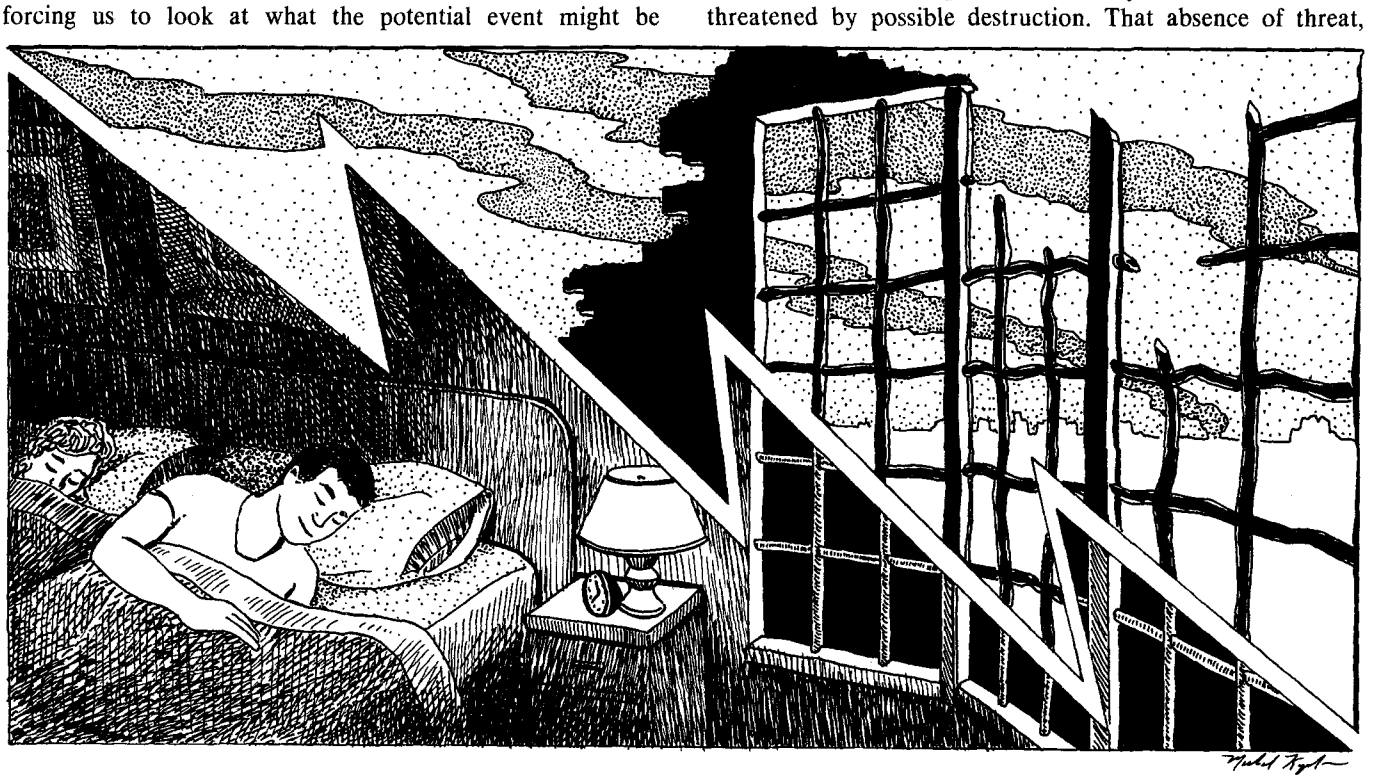
Unfortunately, our imaginative response to the possible reality is being wrung out of us with perilous suddenness. Vampires and dragons, floods and pestilence, war and death itself have been part of our imaginative experience for years. We have been able to give imaginative form to our fears as they have developed over millennia and have thereby been able to cope with them. Both great art and popular literature gestate over a long period of time: Themes are assimilated, hypotheses tested, the weight of experience brought to bear. But we have trouble conceiving what is suddenly and newly real.

What our civilization is now experiencing is the catching up of the imagination. We are starting to conceive what we know is possible. The ads for a popular novel called *War Day* by Whitley Strieber and James Kunetka advise, "It takes you into a world you couldn't imagine." The glut of books and films about nuclear destruction is forcing us to look at what the potential event might be like in order to allow us later to come to terms with it, to make an imaginative construct.

First there was what might be called the poetry of the bomb. As we look back at the short history of the nuclear age, one of the first surprises is how rhapsodic the scientists were at what their hands had wrought. They perceived the first explosion as a triumph of art. Robert Oppenheimer, reporting on the nuclear test at Alamogordo on June 16, 1945, quoted the *Bhagavad-Gita:* "If the radiance of a thousand suns were to burst forth at once in the sky, that would be like the splendor of the Mighty One . . . I am become Death, the shatterer of worlds." A report to President Truman on the Alamogordo explosion stated, "It lighted every peak, crevasse, and ridge of the nearby mountain range with a clarity and beauty that cannot be described but must be seen to be imagined." And Donald Horning said, observing the blast, "Aside from being tremendous, it was one of the most aesthetically beautiful things I have ever seen." The scientist seemed somehow to see his creation as a thing of great beauty, partly because of its awesome power.

But perhaps the poets were more prescient. Yeats, already dead six years when the first explosion took place, had written two decades previously of the birth of "a terrible beauty." It took the scientists only a moment before they added a dollop of terror to their recipe, but their first perception was of an event more beautiful than horrific. From the first it made serious thinkers, from Einstein on, dubious about their ability to draw sound conclusions from the facts of their creation. They made good bombs, but did they make good myths?

Then came the documentary accounts—John Hersey's *Hiroshima*, the narratives of Nagasaki after the blast, the interviews. Much of the literature of the bomb later evolved into science fiction, especially in film. One of the momentary certainties that affected our response to nuclear reality in the West was the knowledge that the United States possessed the power to destroy, but was not itself threatened by possible destruction. That absence of threat,



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Within the past twenty years, the world has faced the fact of the Holocaust. It happened. There was genocide, racial slaughter. The idea has been assimilated and is part of the fabric of our experience

that certainty of power, passed swiftly with the advent of the Soviet bomb. But the possibility of nuclear disaster remained a hypothesis.

While there was a void in creative writing about the nuclear condition, nuclear destruction became an almost obsessive subject for analysis and reflection, not only for futurists like Herman Kahn, but also for writers as different as Mary McCarthy and E. B. White. Arthur Koestler, in *The Ghost in the Machine*, asserted that we must live *as if* nuclear calamity couldn't happen, much as we live with the idea of individual death without despair, and wondered if the common threat would cause the race to forge some common bond: "Hitherto man had to live with the idea of death as an individual; from now onward, mankind will have to live with the idea of its death as a species."

The recent popular films that treat of nuclear destruction have brought the possibility much closer to home: to Lawrence, Kansas, in *The Day After* and to a small town near San Francisco in *Testament*. In both instances, the films attempt to achieve their effect by juxtaposing the attractive normalcy of everyday existence with the horror of nuclear devastation. Like most creative works that originate predominantly as arguments for a particular political point of view, *Testament* is deeply flawed, but it does in its concluding moments manage to raise a small flag of defiance against the calamity it has described, as the protagonist, Jane Alexander, pulls back from suicide, responding to a last-minute resurgence of her will to live and fight on against the encroaching devastation around her. Many works of popular nuclear literature, however, do not do much more than react ritualistically against *anything* nuclear—*The China Syndrome* being one example. But in quantity, if nothing else, the popular literature is allowing the rapid assimilation of the nuclear reality. Most people in Western societies are aware of the threat nuclear weapons present, and this awareness owes something to the popular literature on the subject. The translation of this knowledge into myths and archetypes that will inform our dialogue and experience, however, has yet to happen.

When *The Day After* was shown in Japan, the *New York Times* reported that the reality of their own nuclear disaster was more horrible to the Japanese than the destruction wrought in the film. More important, however, is the fact that the Japanese have, since their own encounter with nuclear war in 1945, formulated their nuclear policy with formidable certainty, akin to articles of faith. To someone outside the society, their philosophical response seems extraordinarily peculiar: The Japanese will neither have nuclear weapons nor allow another power to have nuclear weapons in Japan. Yet the horrific destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki would surely *not* have happened had Japan possessed nuclear weapons, since the United States would thereby have been deterred from dropping the bombs, fearing retaliation on its own cities. What is interesting is that the nuclear reality provoked so bizarre and so dogmatic a philosophical reaction in Japan. The Japanese nuclear position does have the stamp of conviction, arguing persuasively that facing nuclear reality creates in a society a need for philosophical certainty, however unrelated that certainty may be to the political and military demands of the society's survival.

The coming to terms with a major catastrophe is not unprecedented in human experience. There are standards by which we may measure it historically. For example, within two hundred years much of the world had adjusted to the idea that its deity (Christ) had been killed, returned from the dead, and ascended into Heaven. Much of the Western world believed this creed, and its impact upon human history and art was, of course, profound.

Similarly, within the past twenty years, the world has faced the fact of the Holocaust. It happened. There was genocide, racial slaughter. The idea has been assimilated and is part of the fabric of our experience. We cannot live our lives without dealing with it, and a rich variety of works confronts the event: *Sophie's Choice*, *The Diary of Anne Frank*, and many others. The slaughter of the Armenians in 1915 may prove that the dissemination of information plays a crucial role, since the Armenian genocide was acknowledged only slowly and was, in a sense, overshadowed by the later and more widely perceived slaughter of the Jewish people. The only major imaginative response to the Armenian slaughter was Franz Werfel's novel *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*, in which Werfel, a Jewish writer who had himself narrowly escaped the Holocaust, assimilated and gave voice to an experience that was prophetically analogous to that of his own people. A projected movie version of the book was said to have been suppressed by the Turkish government, because the imaginative response to the event might have given credence to its having happened at all.

One of the problems for the artist is that his role in the nuclear world is in conflict and competition with that of the scientist. This is because the reality and the imagining have gradually become interdependent. It is doubtful if any film on nuclear destruction could be made today without one or more what-will-it-be-like? authorities attached, serving as a kind of scientifically sanctioning oracle. And if what can be imagined can also really happen, is it not best to listen to those who know the statistical truth—the "facts" about nuclear war, tested by computers, displayed on graphs, measured in megatons?

The answer is probably no. The scientists' data are themselves veering toward the artistic: Their hypotheses are, to some extent, imaginative constructs, and a consensus, for instance, on "nuclear winter" is hard to find ex-

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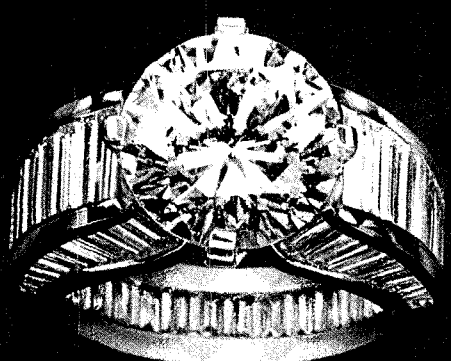

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If one says that Spielberg and Lucas are pandering to popular taste by offering happy endings, the ready answer is that popular taste, in its continuing need for order and hope and resolution, is worthy of respect

cept among those with committed political views that their scientific positions would help bolster. Carl Sagan has found an articulate adversary in S. Fred Singer, and either of their sharply differing views about the probability or improbability of a nuclear winter could persuade a reasonably open-minded reader. This is not to say that scientists who believe or disbelieve in nuclear winter are wrong. It is rather to say that their beliefs are incapable of being tested, and are perhaps colored by their advocacy. So a prophetic nuclear scientist might better be taken as a would-be artist attempting to envision the unknowable than as a sort of global family doctor telling us just how the malady will develop. We all know it will be bad. We need no messenger from the nether regions to tell us that. What we need are imaginative constructs to help us cope with, bear, avoid, exorcise, or avert the calamity.

The artist, mimetic to the end, has become a scientist. George Lucas and Steven Spielberg, our two primary popular millennialists, base their work in part on plausibility. Scientific sanction bolsters their creative impulses, making such films as *Star Wars* and *E.T.* believable as constructs because so much attention is paid to the plausible scientific underpinning. The imaginative reality pervading the work of Spielberg and Lucas, however, has an archetypal confidence about it. Human hopes are paid careful and caring attention. If one says that Spielberg and Lucas are pandering to popular taste by offering happy endings, the ready answer is that popular taste, in its continuing need for order and hope and resolution in its experience, is worthy of respect. This intrinsic need arises from what Jacob Bronowski identified as the source of scientific theory —"an inner order and imaginative arrangement of a few deep central concepts"—and it manifests a salutary continuity in the experience of the race.

For the creator today, there is a need to confront and resolve the nuclear dilemma, because the resolutions reached in imaginative constructs may well feed back into the culture and influence the reality. Thus far there has been a grim bleakness to the endgame in which we all live, and Samuel Beckett has been the artist of our nuclear despair. But despair is inadequate as a nuclear aesthetic. It has not prevented the conceivable from becoming possible, nor has it given any solace beyond a nihilistic certainty. Several years ago young punk rockers in London began their meetings chanting, "No future! No future!" Neither the scientist nor the artist has been of much help, in part because of a confusion of realms.

We have certainly had no answers from the scientists. Perhaps it is the Faustian impulse: If the universe was, as the theory holds, created through a Big Bang, the little bang that destroys mankind will, while different in size, be qualitatively the same thing and would hence place the scientist in the godlike role to which he subconsciously aspires.

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Some humanists lament possible "scientific" solutions to the nuclear problem: laser beams to shoot nuclear weapons down, earlier warning systems, better protection in the event of nuclear disaster, and, most promising of all, something that hasn't been thought of yet. These possibilities are usually rejected on the ground that they divert our attention from the horror of nuclear disaster and hence make it more likely. It is hard to envision a more irresponsible position. If the scientists have created a scientific problem, let them create a scientific solution. It seems presumptuous indeed that science should on the one hand devise a destruction so horrific that it cannot be averted by scientific means, and then arrogate to itself the right also to deal philosophically with the dilemma it has created. This situation is especially puzzling with organizations like the Union of Concerned Scientists. Is it not reasonable to ask that their concern be directed toward matters in which they have some competence—that is, scientific solutions? To suggest that they focus their energies elsewhere is not necessarily to criticize their political position but rather to assert that they have little ethical right to their position at all.

One way to look at the nuclear dilemma is to see it as a conflict between nuclear threat and computer opportunity: Can the black boxes effect an escape from the big bombs? Should there not be a race between the technology of hope and the technology of destruction? Nothing can be more dispiriting to a world attuned to the startling achievements of science than to find so many scientists issuing jeremiads about the prospective doom emanating from their own creations. Freeman Dyson's book about nuclear threats and hopes to avert them seems to catalogue too specifically a series of options that can hardly be exhausted. If things are as bad as Sagan and other scientists believe, one would hope to find them spending more time with their test tubes and computer terminals looking for ways out.

As early as 1963, Martin Luther King Jr. perceived how few answers science could itself provide to the spiritual part of the nuclear dilemma: "We have genuflected before the god of science only to find that it has given us the atomic bomb, producing fears and anxieties that science can never mitigate." Science would seem to have unthinkingly posed a different question for religion and art and myth: Will technology cause the nuclear problem not to be assimilated because it develops so fast that no ethics or aesthetics can evolve quickly enough to cope?

In basketball the term *endgame* refers to the last minutes of a game—sudden death, wherein there are two minutes and only two minutes to play after a tie and in which whoever wins, wins. In chess, the term refers to the part of the game after nearly all the major pieces have been captured and the kings are subject to checkmate, consisting of the moves on both sides by which the checkmate is relentlessly accomplished or the game moved to a draw.

Have we been in a nuclear endgame since 1945 because of the creation of a terminally destructive force? The word *endgame* carries a threat, but it also carries some hope because it at least gives order to the threat.

It may be trite to talk about society's demands on its artists. But the writer and the painter and the filmmaker

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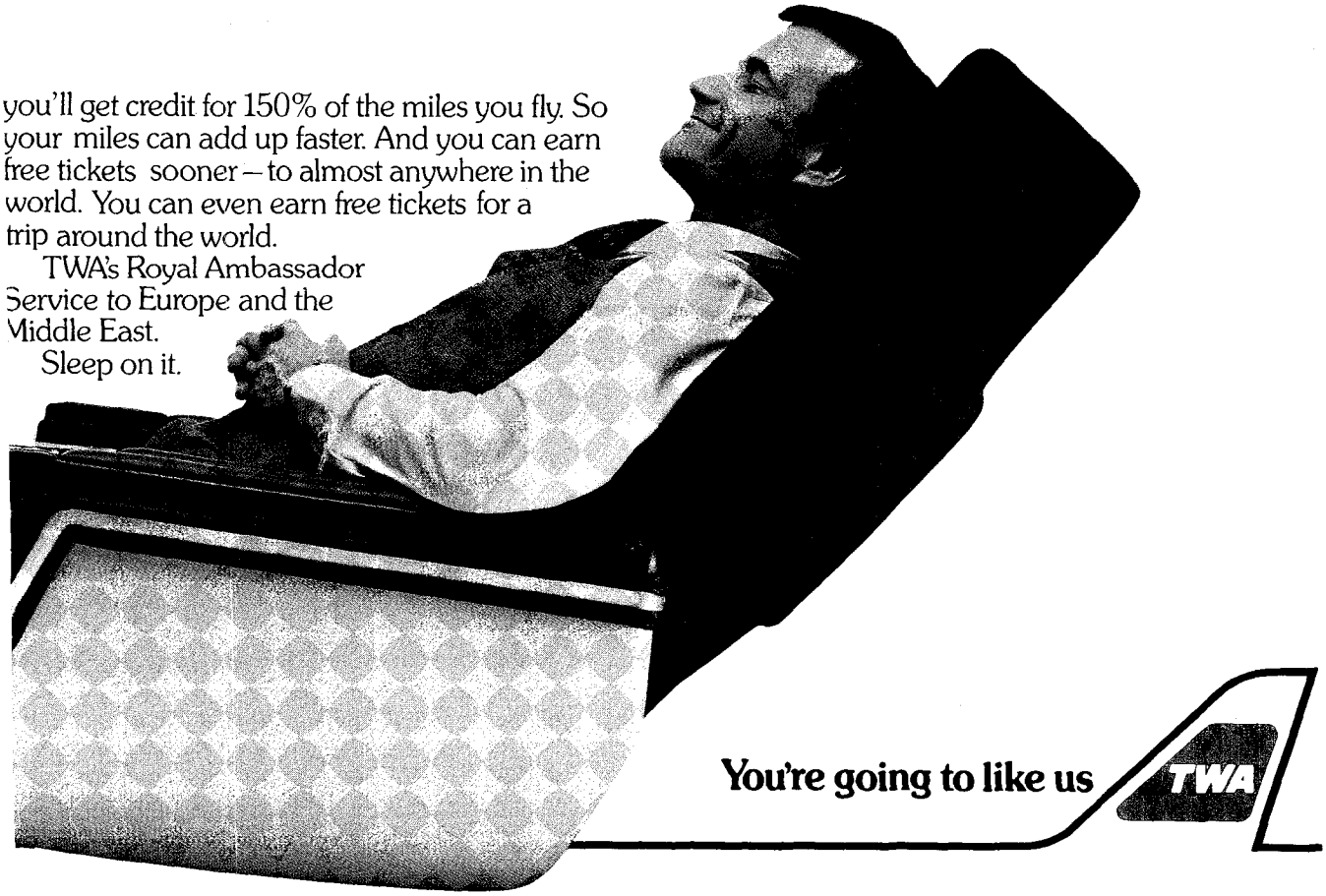
Nothing can be more dispiriting to a world attuned to the startling achievements of science than to find so many scientists issuing jeremiads about the prospective doom emanating from their own creations

have a responsibility. It is to look squarely at the possible and to portray it in some kind of imaginative construct, so that it can be endured, triumphed over, transcended, or otherwise reconciled with humanity's inner rational and spiritual life. This is what art and experience have done with death. An omnipresent and calamitous event in the life of Everyman was from the beginning faced by art—in tomb paintings, in elaborate monuments, in mythologies, in ceremony, in music, in narrative. It became part of the common imaginative experience as well as part of the real experience. We can deal with death in our experience because in a thousand ways our art and our mythology have taught us how.

There is already some new creative treatment of the nuclear world: Arthur Kopit's play *End of the World with Symposium to Follow* addresses the issue by saying it is unaddressable, and Robert Penn Warren has written a poetic response to Hersey's *Hiroshima*. What we ask of Spielberg and Lucas and Woody Allen, of Beckett and Tom Stoppard and David Mamet, of James Carroll and Charles McCarry, of Anthony Burgess, Toni Morrison, and a hundred others is that they tell us the story of our time and help us assimilate our experience. It is a daunting task. But, as William Faulkner understood, our mythmakers must make our myths.

The threat of nuclear destruction needs first to be seen and to be faced as a potential reality. Then there must evolve a creative and mythic assimilation. As is so often the case, there is an undercurrent of battle between what one might call the clerisy of nuclear destruction—the believers in a nuclear winter, for example—and the survivalists, an underground breed preparing to live it all out in their shelters. This polarity is much like the old controversy between the millenarian priests and their more skeptical followers. Those waiting for the end in *Beyond the Fringe* sit out their last moments on their mountain top, secure in their addled faith in their own impending doom. When nothing happens, one of the meeker says, "It's not quite the conflagration we'd been countin' on." The millenarian clerisy carried the battle for informed opinion in their day, but they never had the last word. And who has the last word is what millenarianism is all about. □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NO PLACE FOR MAVERICKS

At 6:30 on the morning of August 15, 1945, rebellious Japanese soldiers were ransacking the Household Ministry on the grounds of the Imperial Palace in Tokyo, searching for the recording of the Emperor's announcement that Japan would surrender. (It was scheduled to be broadcast at noon.) The War Minister, General Anami, had just committed *seppuku*, leaving a note apologizing to the Emperor for losing the war. The residences of the prime minister and the president of the privy council had been set ablaze by furious junior officers who didn't want to quit. The Emperor and Empress were barricaded with a few chamberlains in the Imperial Library on the palace grounds.

At this critical moment the commander of the Eastern District Army, who was loyal to the Emperor, arrived at the palace to quell the disorders, and encountered an imperial chamberlain en route across the grounds to the Household Ministry on an errand for the Emperor. What do you suppose they did?

Why, they bowed, exchanged calling cards, and bowed again.

If there had been any American in Tokyo that morning to witness the event, it might have given him the very first intimation that postwar Japan was going to be a success story. There was no way of knowing, in advance, how a nation so tightly self-disciplined would react to total defeat and alien occupation. Would it recoil into sullen inanition? Would it simply collapse, morally and psychologically? Or would it manage, somehow, to build a bridge from its dark past to a brighter future?

Nearly forty years on, we know the happy answer. With considerable help from wise occupation policies, but above all thanks to their own intelligence and hard work, the Japanese people have turned their island nation into the second strongest economy in the free world—a model of democracy and free enterprise at their best, and a loyal friend and ally of the United States.

American soldiers who remember only the Tokyo of the immediate postwar period would scarcely recognize the city today. Even two decades ago, when I first saw it, I dismissed it as "Newark times ten." As the years went by and skyscrapers appeared, and great expressways spanned the metropolis, lifting most traffic above the narrow, twisted streets below, I concluded that Tokyo's planners had simply thrown in the sponge, and were in effect building a new city atop the old one.

But a fresh look at Japan's capital city has compelled me to reopen my mind. For all the individuality of its numerous neighborhoods, Tokyo—simply as a city—*works* remarkably well. And certain parts of it—the gleaming Marunouchi financial district, the soaring skyscrapers of Shinjuku, the serene, moated grounds of the Imperial Palace—are downright beautiful.

Wonderful as Tokyo itself is becoming, however, the real news about Japan is, as always, her people. "Yours, Mr. Rusher, is a nation of confrontation: of lawyers and psychiatrists," a Japanese editor told me. "Japan is a nation of technicians."

He was being polite. What he meant was that Americans seem almost to enjoy tearing each other apart; the Japanese pull sturdily together. The explanation, of course, lies deep in the Japanese character, and in the history of the Japanese nation. Japan's long isolation, her political unity, the homogeneity of her people, their traditional emphasis on discipline—all these conduce powerfully to social tranquillity and order. And, in fairness, let it be admitted that this stress on peaceable conformity has its disadvantages, too: Japan is no place for loners, oddballs, iconoclasts, or mavericks.

What is pouring out of this astonishing nation, of course, is a huge and growing stream of high-tech products: steel, cars, and electronic machines today, soon to be followed by microchips, semiconductors, airplane bodies, and the sci-fi wonders of biotechnology. Except to the extent that we can apply minds and hands as capable as those of the Japanese to the production of goods and services as desirable as theirs, we Americans will ultimately have to sell what we can produce for whatever it will bring, and live on the proceeds more modestly than before.

Requiring Japan to shoulder a larger share of the costs of her defense is no solution. For one thing, the Japanese performance in this respect isn't all that bad, and is getting better. The rate of growth of Japan's defense outlays has remained steady (at about 7 per cent) in recent years; all other government expenditures have declined sharply. And Japan has recently undertaken to assume responsibility for the military security of all sea lanes approaching the archipelago out to a distance of a thousand miles.

What about the longer-range future? Is there any likelihood of a relapse into militarism and imperialism—or of a leftward plunge into Communism? Not much. Militarism and imperialism are enormously unpopular now, having been tried and found so spectacularly wanting. As for Communism, it simply has no place in today's Japan.

But what do the Japanese *really* think about America? Is there, I asked one Western diplomat, a slight undertone of contempt in their attitude toward the United States? "Not that I can see," he replied thoughtfully. "Mostly it's just admiration." □

Mr. Rusher's most recent book is The Rise of the Right, *published by William Morrow.*

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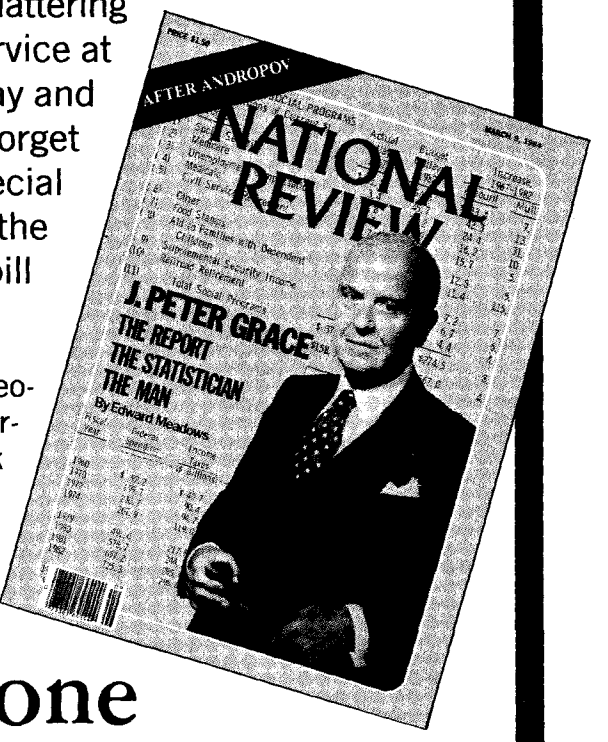

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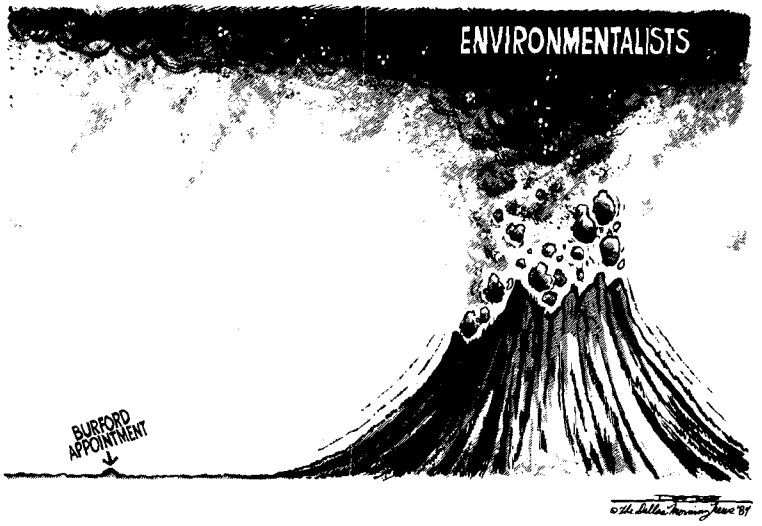

Arm the Toyotas, Maybe?

The Persian Gulf is narrow;
  The tankers are immense.
A fighter flying over
  Makes all the Arabs tense.
Though Saudis may perspire
  And lesser sheikdoms sweat,
In Tokyo, officials
  Are simply wringing wet.

W. H. von Dreele

THE FINITUDE OF MY HEAD NOT THE ATTITUDE OF THE BREAD!!
THE REDEMPTION OF CONTENTION IS THE DETENTION OF DISAFFECTION!!
USE THE VEINS IN YOUR BRAINS!! NOT THE DRAINS IN YOUR TRAINS!!
RECONCILIATION!! NOT SILLY RECREATION!!
SURELY THERE'S A FUTURE IN FEDERAL GOVERNMENT FOR A GUY WHO MAKES THIS MUCH SENSE

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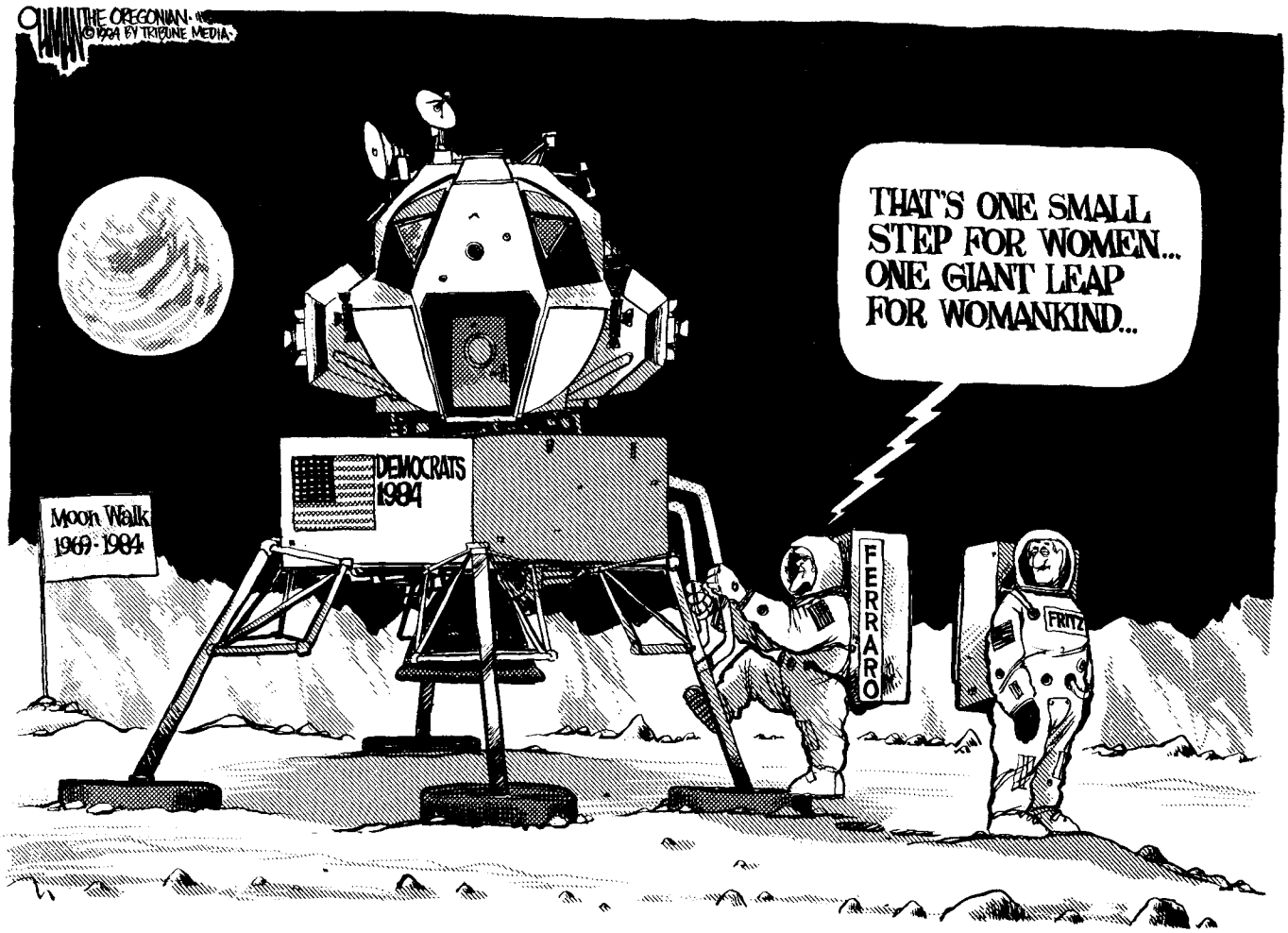
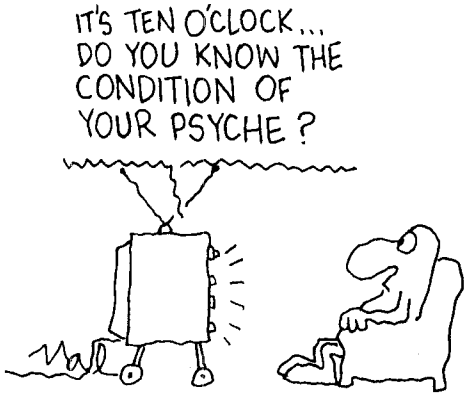
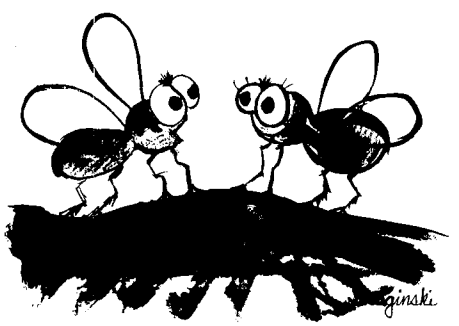
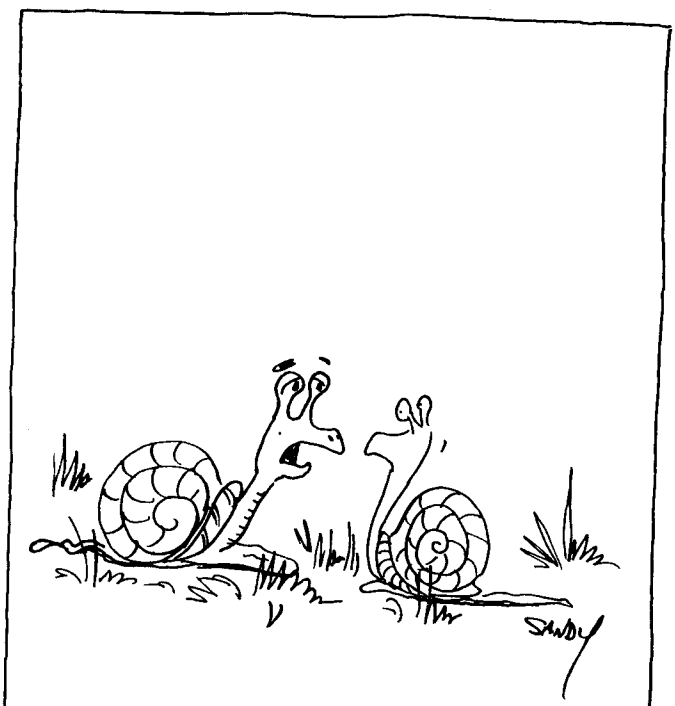






"You've got the cutest buggy eyes."



"I'm just not cut out for life in the fast lane."

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SENATOR MOYNIHAN AND THE WORLD COURT

THE UNITED STATES' withdrawal for two years from the jurisdiction of the World Court in matters relating to Central America has caused a furor among, notably, such experts in international law as Senator Moynihan. In a commencement address at Syracuse University, Senator Moynihan accused Allan Gerson, legal advisor to Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, of ignorance not merely of the law, but of the "history of our country," on the basis of an Op-Ed article by Mr. Gerson published in the *New York Times*. Senator Moynihan added that the United States has acted throughout with "ineptitude and arrogance."

These comments were quoted and adopted by Mr. Anthony Lewis, a columnist for the *New York Times*, in highly emphatic terms.

Mr. Gerson had suggested that if the dispute with Nicaragua was to be properly aired the appropriate forum was either the UN Security Council, the OAS (Organization of American States), or the multilateral negotiating effort known as the Contadora process—not the World Court. That was the substantive issue between Messrs. Moynihan, Lewis, and Gerson: which body was the more appropriate forum to resolve the Central America dispute; and, more specifically, whether the World Court has jurisdiction to hear Nicaragua's complaint without the express consent of the United States.

To suggest that Allan Gerson is ignorant of international law is something of an absurdity in itself. He has, to put it mildly, spent far more time and effort on international law than either Senator Moynihan or Mr. Lewis. He holds a doctorate in international law from the Yale Law School, and he has published a book and numerous scholarly articles in the field. He also holds the position of professorial lecturer in international relations at the Johns Hopkins University School of Advanced International Studies, where he teaches a seminar on international law and diplomacy.

As for the question under dispute, the United States withdrew for a period of two years its voluntary submission to the jurisdiction of the World Court in matters relating to Central America. The United States said that it viewed the complaint filed against it by Nicaragua in the World Court as simply a way to avoid engaging in good-faith negotiations in the Contadora process. The United States also said that the harbor mining of which Nicaragua complained in particular was but one feature of the hostilities between Nicaragua, the United States, and El Salvador, which have been going on for several years. The United States, like the governments of El Salvador, Honduras, and Costa Rica, has of course long maintained that Nicaragua has been the aggressor.

But Senator Moynihan was apparently unpersuaded, and, rather than awaiting the ruling of the World Court on the merits of the U.S. defense, he rushed to deliver his own judgment.

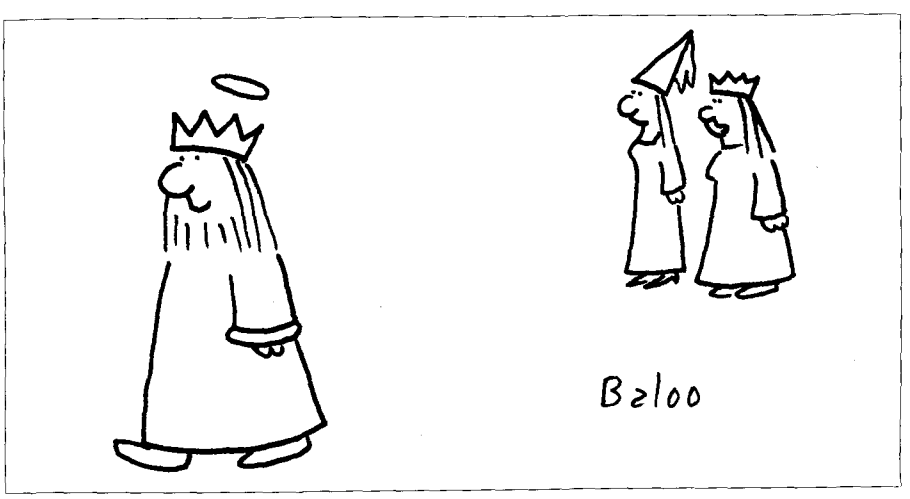
Senator Moynihan's tirade against Mr. Gerson for proposing alternative forums to the World Court is specifically based on the senator's interpretation of Article 33 of the United Nations Charter, which says:

> The parties to any dispute, the continuance of which is likely to endanger the maintenance of international peace and security shall, first of all, seek a solution by negotiation, inquiry, mediation, conciliation, arbitration, judicial settlement, resort to regional agencies or arrangements, or other peaceful means of their own choice.

Senator Moynihan concluded: "Clearly, the World Court is entitled to adjudicate such cases."

But, quite to the contrary, Article 33 is anything but a clear grant of jurisdiction—that is, power to adjudicate. Article 33 is first of all a provision found in the Charter, a different and separate document from the statute creating the World Court and defining its jurisdiction.

Secondly, to suggest that parties to a dispute dispose of it by some method "of their own choice," including "judicial settlement," no more confers jurisdiction on the World Court than



"There's no talking to him since he joined the Holy Alliance."

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it confers jurisdiction on the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York, the High Court of Judicature of Great Britain, or the Court of Cassation of France. Jurisdiction is conferred by a constitution or statute that so provides and has the authority so to provide.

In short, Justice Moynihan would rule that the jurisdiction of the World Court is prescribed in a document that has nothing to do with its jurisdiction, while overlooking the very statute that does in fact define it.

In sharp contrast to Article 33 are those articles of the UN Charter relating to the Security Council. Article 24 provides that:

> In order to ensure prompt and effective action by the United Nations, its members confer on the Security Council primary responsibility for the maintenance of international peace and security . . .

Under this provision it has become the practice of states complaining about the use of force to take their grievances to the Security Council. The frequent hearings of such cases by the Council are usually shown on public TV and sometimes on commercial TV channels and are of course reported in the press. The public is thus familiar with the practice.

No Takers

THE EFFECTUATION of decisions of the Security Council is dealt with by Articles 25 and 27. Article 25 provides that:

> The members of the United Nations agree to accept and carry out the decisions of the Security Council in accordance with the present Charter.

Although the Charter does not use the word "veto," in substance it grants a veto to the permanent members—China, France, the Soviet Union, Great Britain, and the United States—by requiring, per Article 27, that the permanent members concur in the passage of any Security Council resolution.

Conceivably Article 33 might be read as authorizing the Security Council to make efforts to achieve a peaceful settlement by suggesting to the parties to any dispute that they submit their claims to the World Court. But it never has done so in a case involving charges of aggression and self-defense. The only case remotely to the point is the Corfu Channel dispute between Albania and the UK in 1948, but there the issues were much more narrowly defined and did not involve the use of force against the territory of another state. The fact of the matter is that parties want to get to the Security Council, with its "primary responsibility for the maintenance of international peace and security," promptly and without the necessity of first going through a tedious, time-consuming judicial proceeding.

Many countries have not accepted the jurisdiction of the Court, although reserving the right to accept it in a particular case. These countries include France, Italy, West Germany, Spain, Cuba, the Soviet Union, and the Soviet satellites. Countries that accepted the Court's jurisdiction, albeit with reservations, include Australia, India, Great Britain, and the United States.

Many countries of both categories have, when challenged to do so, expressly refused to consent to World Court jurisdiction.

India refused to accept the jurisdiction of the Court on the claim of Pakistan that India had not returned prisoners captured during the war between those countries over the secession of Bangladesh.

France refused to accept jurisdiction over the demand by Australia and New Zealand that France stop nuclear testing in the South Pacific.

The Soviet Union has repeatedly refused to accept jurisdiction with particular respect to claims by the United States that the Soviet Union violated international law in various aircraft incidents. And the Soviet Union to this day has refused to comply with an advisory opinion of the Court, obtained by the General Assembly, ordering that it be required to pay its share of the United Nations costs for the Congo operation as assessed by the Court.

Moreover, the right to reject, wholly or partially, the jurisdiction of the World Court is consistent and parallel with the Great Power right to veto decisions of the Security Council. Both provisions were intended to ensure that the United Nations would at no time take action against the will of a Great Power. The Court has no enforcement machinery; its only remedy if a state does not comply with its judgment is to refer the matter to the Security Council (Article 94 of the Charter).

These limitations on the Security Council and the World Court reflect Soviet policies accepted by the United States at the time these bodies were created.

Stalin's Veto

GEORGE KENNAN, although not at Yalta when the veto issue was decided, was stationed at our embassy in Moscow in 1944 as an assistant to Ambassador Harriman. He devotes several pages of his memoirs to the Great Power veto—a right opposed by the United States in the preliminary discussions. He took part in such discussions both at the embassy and, apparently, at the Soviet Foreign Office, or at any rate with its personnel.

The American statesmen involved (other than himself) thought of appealing to Stalin to eliminate the veto in order to help the Roosevelt Administration with its domestic political problems. Much to Kennan's relief, this argument eventually was not made, but we did urge Stalin not to insist upon the right of veto, on the ground that such a right would discourage the hopes and expectations of the American people. Stalin firmly rejected this argument in a reply received in Washington on December 15, 1944, immediately prior to the Yalta Conference. As Stalin saw it (in Kennan's opinion), the postwar world would be ruled by the joint hegemony of the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union. If these powers agreed, fine—their will would be done. If the United States and the Soviet Union disagreed—something that Stalin anticipated far more than the innocent American people and the uncomprehending Roosevelt, who thought that his unstinting aid would inspire gratitude and cooperation—then the Security Council would take no action. Stalin did not want the execution of his policies obstructed by this world organization that the Americans were so crazy about. Stalin was thinking at the time of the countries of Eastern Europe, and wanted to be let alone regarding them. If he were let alone, according to Kennan, in a memorandum he wrote at the time, then "they [the Soviet Union] would be equally prepared to reserve moral judgment in any actions that we may wish to carry

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out in our sphere of interest, i.e., the Caribbean area."

In short, world bodies were to let the Great Powers alone. It was implicit in Stalin's statement that the Great Powers would act as they saw fit in their respective spheres of interest.

In this scheme of things the Court has been of very little use. Only one case was filed between 1976 and 1981. The disputes that it has received have been almost exclusively minor ones. The Court has a possibly useful role in boundary disputes between democratic countries, such as the present dispute between the United States and Canada over the boundaries of the Gulf of Maine. Such disputes, however, could be readily submitted to arbitration as they formerly were. The United States, in its desperation over the hostages seized by Iran, did invoke the jurisdiction of the Court, but clearly it was the separate deal worked out between the Carter Administration and the Ayatollah's regime that eventually freed our hostages—not the ruling of the Court.

There are a variety of reasons why the United States would not wish the World Court to adjudicate the conflict in Central America.

The judges of the World Court are elected by the Security Council and the General Assembly. Not surprisingly, they reflect their UN constituency. It is doubtful, to use restrained language, that those judges from countries of the Soviet-Third World coalition and from that great majority of countries that distrust the United States—despite the good intentions of its foreign policy—would vote according to the merits of a case involving the Soviet Union, its satellites, or its allies.

Aside from the question of a fair hearing, the very competence of the Court to adjudicate an issue of the type presented by Nicaragua's complaint is highly questionable.

The Same Law for All

LLOYD CUTLER, counsel to President Carter and one of the few outstandingly able men in that Administration, recently addressed the American Society of International Law as follows:

> How would the World Court go about making judicial findings of fact in the Nicaragua case? Is it going to subpoena the files of the CIA, or its opposite number in Nicaragua? Is it going to make on-site inspection visits to the guerrilla camps in El Salvador, or Honduras, or Nicaragua itself? I submit that the UN Charter had good reason to consign issues like these to the Security Council. They are simply not justiciable.

Senator Moynihan accused Mr. Gerson of ignorance of "the history of our country" as well as ignorance of international law. One would have expected him then to cite World Court cases adjudicating issues of resort to force going back presumably to the Administration of President Washington, but at least to the creation of the World Court in 1945.

Neither Senator Moynihan nor Mr. Lewis refers to any such case for the good reason that there is none, not since 1789, 1945, or any other time. No state, not to mention any of the Great Powers, has allowed the World Court to adjudicate issues affecting its vital national-security interests. And in the only case remotely analogous—the Corfu Channel case—the UK submitted the controversy to the Court upon the Security Council's recommendation.

Although the United States is at a disadvantage in suits involving the Soviet Union, its satellites, and its allies, the United States nevertheless plans to appear before the Court to vindicate its withdrawal from the Court's jurisdiction. The brief for the United States is due August 17, and there will be oral argument at some later time.

Nicaragua's suit was apparently the bright idea of its legal counsel, Professor Abram Chayes of the Harvard Law School, who was legal advisor to the State Department in the Kennedy Administration. In that capacity he defended the legality of the Bay of Pigs. Oddly enough, Professor Chayes published an article in the *Harvard Law Review* in 1965 in which he belittled the usefulness of the Court in the settlement of international disputes even if legal issues were involved. He has spoken elsewhere to the same effect.

Mr. Hodding Carter has characterized the United States as an "outlaw" for its actions in this case. But law applied against one party and not against its adversaries cannot be regarded as law in the traditional Anglo-American sense. It is better to be out of it than in it. The equal application of the law is the rule of the law.

Beyond this, thanks to Stalin and U.S. acquiescence, the provisions of the UN Charter and the World Court Statute magnify the role of the Security Council: that is, the role of consensus by the Great Powers in eschewing actions against them like those Nicaragua is now pursuing before the World Court, without their express consent. Senator Moynihan is wrong on both law and policy. □

Pronouns: A Love Story

Between she and I—complications.
She's understandable; so am I.
(The careless always are.)
It's her I worry about.
We've been together so long (her and me)
    that the break is hard.
Standards change; manners follow.
If her and me stay together,
Others may think me (her too) ignorant.
That's hard to take, no matter how
        excited I am
    by her enticing
Correctness.

If between you and me
    there can be a problem,
Then between her and me
    the case is hopeless.
There is no way out. She will replace
    her and I will take over
For me. Being accepted is
    different from (than?)
Being correct—and I am
    suddenly acceptable,
As is she.

—THOMAS F. MADER

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Here it is - The Buckley Roast!

(the famous but hard-to-find tape recording— back by popular demand!)

Get it FREE!

Yes, now you can get your own copy of the sensational tape that makes conservatives (and selected liberals) howl with laughter. When, some time back, Young Americans for Freedom decided to give Bill Buckley a "celebrity roast," the results were surprising indeed. This tape is a faithful reproduction of the hilarious highlights of that most unusual occasion.

William Rusher, David Keene, and Stan Evans were among the well-known conservatives who showered Buckley with a barrage of outrageous barbs that brought loud guffaws from the large and lively crowd. Mike Wallace (of "60 Minutes" fame) headed a contingent of non-conservatives who chipped in with their best shots, giving you a good idea of the cumulative effect Buckley has had on liberals throughout the years (it all adds up to a kind of wry tribute). And Henry Kissinger in person completed the basting with some acidly "diplomatic" digs. Buckley's reply to all this is masterly—he ends up roasting the roasters—and you have to hear it to believe it.

Tapes of the Buckley Roast have never been easy to come by, but now, for as long as they last, we are making our supply available with a special renewal offer that is also a hedge against any future price rise. You get this high-quality tape (comes in a standard 90-minute cassette) absolutely FREE simply by renewing your subscription to *National Review* for another year *regardless of when it expires.* That way you'll be covered, no matter what happens to the price, and you'll also be the happy owner of a recording that you'll play over and over again yourself (and will certainly want your friends to hear!).

So get your copy of this marvelous tape right now. It's first come, first served, while our supply lasts. The Buckley Roast carries a price tag of $9.95, and you'd probably pay that much gladly if you could find it in a store (which you *can't*). However, if you fill out and return the handy card opposite this page today you *can* get it free and postpaid. That's right: we'll rush the Buckley Roast tape to you and immediately extend your subscription for another full year (25 issues). The price for the subscription is just $29 (very good value at today's price levels) and the tape is free. Don't miss the fun you'll get out of this collector's item! Return the card today.

P.S.: *If you are not already a subscriber to NR you can still use the handy card opposite to* enter *your own subscription (same terms) and receive the Buckley Roast cassette.*

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A GOOD WORD FOR DEFICITS

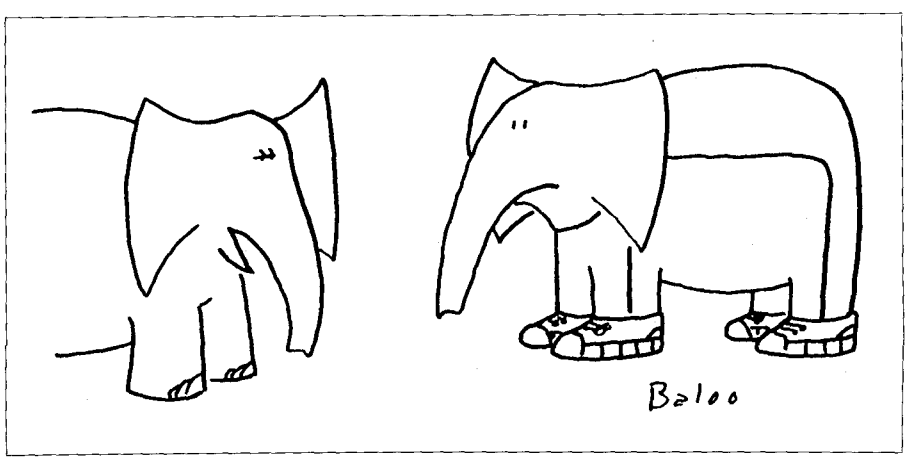
DEFICITS HAVE a bad reputation, and (since Reagan became President) a bad press as well. They deserve it, for, ordinarily, a deficit is created when Congress tries to bribe voters by spending money while not bothering them with taxes to pay for it. The difference between expenditure and tax revenue, the deficit, is covered by borrowing. By creating a deficit the government increases the share of the national product it can buy, to use, or waste, or redistribute. New deficits thus necessarily decrease the share of the national product private citizens can invest, or consume, regardless of whether those deficits are financed by borrowing or by raising taxes later.

However, as Milton Friedman has correctly stressed, increased taxes make taxpayers aware that more of their income is being taken by the government, while borrowing does not. For those who wish to limit the government share of our national product there is a political advantage, then, in insisting that borrowing be replaced by taxation: Taxpayers burdened with higher taxes realize what is happening and object. They try to limit government expenditures and may succeed. The governmental spenders, on the other hand, often prefer borrowing to taxing—although they prefer either to reducing expenditures—for the same reason. Expenditures always can be used to bribe voters with other people's money—a temptation politicians find hard to resist. Thus, I enthusiastically support the constitutional amendment, proposed by Professor Friedman and others, to compel Congress to balance the budget and limit expenditures by requiring more than a simple majority for creating or adding to a deficit or for increasing expenditures, however financed, if they raise the proportion of the national income taken by the government. Such an amendment is our best hope for restraining the government from taking an ever higher share of the national product.

There are situations when a *temporary* deficit is not harmful. During a recession revenue from taxes is likely to decline, when expenditures do not: The unemployed are not engaged in taxable production; but they do get unemployment benefits. Corporations do not have taxable profits. People are in lower income brackets. It would be foolish in such a situation to discourage business further by raising taxes, and probably futile as well, because higher tax rates won't increase tax revenue if they significantly discourage the activities to be taxed. Indeed tax reductions may be useful, as the Reagan Administration has just demonstrated, even if they increase deficits. But when prosperity returns, decreases in expenditures must follow, sufficient, ultimately, to balance the budget. Else the government will continue to increase its share of the national product, paying for it by borrowing and giving people the impression that they are getting a free ride.

A shift of the burden of taxation—whatever its level—would help too. All taxes change the pattern of economic activity to some extent, and taxes that do so in the least harmful direction are clearly best. Our income taxes penalize production and encourage consumption. This is harmful. There is no good reason why all interest paid on consumer loans should be tax-deductible, as is all interest paid on residential mortgages, while income from investments or savings is taxed. This discourages investment and saving and encourages consumption. Few economists would object to shifting taxes to consumption; but practically all congressmen would. They have the short-term interest of voters at heart—with a time horizon of two years—even though the voters in the long run are harmed by the policies alleged to benefit them.

There is little evidence to back up the idea now widely preached that government borrowing "crowds out" private borrowing and thus reduces private investment and increases interest rates. This has not been the effect in Japan, and cannot be shown to be the effect of deficits in the United States. Private savings and investment are reduced by government expenditures—regardless of whether they are financed by government borrowing or by taxation. Either way the private individual is left with less money, and



"I'll believe it when I actually see *you jogging."*

Mr. van den Haag is John M. Olin Professor of Jurisprudence and Public Policy at Fordham University in New York.

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ultimately with fewer resources. The attempt to replace borrowing with taxation makes sense only if it leads to a reduction in government expenditures. Those who argue that reductions in government expenditures are "impossible" are those who make them impossible. Actually the tax increases they advocate will not lead to less borrowing, but merely to ever higher government expenditures, unless preceded by, or associated with, genuine reduction of such expenditures.

So far we have considered increases in the deficit. What about the inherited deficit, i.e., the national debt? Let me dispose first of some misleading ideas. It is misleading to assume that the national debt—like a private debt—has to be repaid. Not so. The national debt is actually a form of money, and is "repaid" no more than other forms of money are. If you go to the Federal Reserve Bank to "redeem" your dollar bill, you will simply be given another bill. So with the national debt, although you may opt in that case for redemption in legal tender. (Raising the debt too much can be inflationary of course: Increasing any money too much is.)

Another mistaken idea is that the national debt burdens future generations with our consumption of resources. Not so. If the government spends (whether the money comes from taxes or from borrowing), it takes resources that otherwise would have been available for private use. Regardless of how the government finances its expenditures, the generation living when the government uses resources is the one deprived of them, not future generations.*

However, the national debt, unlike other forms of money, requires interest payments. These *are* actually paid by future taxpayers. But future generations of bondholders receive the interest payments. Thus, there still is no intergenerational transfer of income. The future interest payments amount to an intragenerational redistribution from taxpayers to bondholders. (Matters get more difficult when the bondholders are foreigners who pay no taxes—a possibility that is as yet negligible for most of our national debt.)

*Future generations may be deprived of exhaustible resources if the government uses them. But that is so whether the government finances that use by taxes or by borrowing.

When the national debt has increased as a result of past deficits, an increased proportion of the budget goes for interest payments. This has disadvantages. But it also has a great advantage, usually neglected, to which I want to draw attention. The greater the part of the budget that goes for interest payments (which redistribute income from taxpayers likely to consume it, to bondholders more likely to invest it), the smaller the part of the budget the government can spend on other things, to pre-empt resources that otherwise would be available for private investment or consumption. Further, most government expenditures increase consumption rather than investment. Surely that is the case for all welfare payments. Thus, the necessity to pay the interest on the national debt tends to limit economically harmful increases in other government expenditures.

To be sure, the government can raise taxes to increase its non-interest expenses. But taxpayers will resist—there are political limits to tax increases. The government also could finance its interest payments by borrowing more. But such a Ponzi scheme won't work for long—precisely because it is a rather transparent Ponzi scheme, wherefore a sensible government won't try it. Thus, a high national debt is likely to force a reduction of non-interest government expenditures. Which is all to the good. □

Olympiad 23

Olympic Spirit
Here where
white doves are loosed
and noble deeds are done,
the vaulting spirit and the flesh
are one.

Swimmer
Intent
to toe the line,
to limber for the lunge,
to draw the deep breath of a dream,
and plunge.

Gymnast
Balanced
and equipoised,
he tumbles here and there,
a creature not alone of earth,
but air.

Racer
On mark,
he springs away
as from a sullen snare
and, filled with buoyancy, bestrides
the air.

Jumper
The pole,
held vertical
along his spirit's length,
tops flesh's horizontal pole
with strength.

—Gloria A. Maxson

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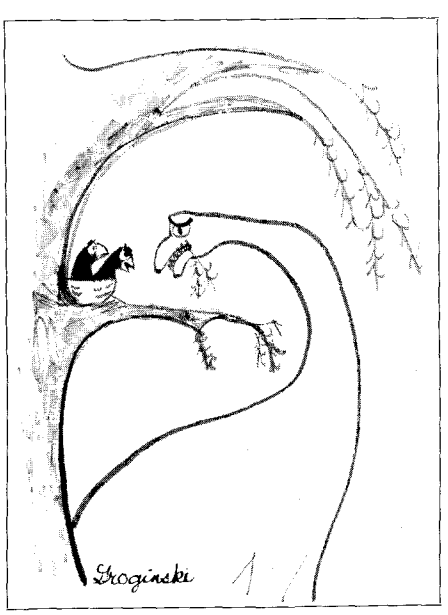
CAN CONGRESS KEEP A SECRET?

THE FUROR IN Congress over the mining of Nicaraguan harbors highlights a question of overwhelming importance: Is Congress capable of practicing responsible oversight of intelligence activities, once those activities are viewed as an integral part of a foreign policy that has become the subject of partisan political debate?

The current situation derives, ultimately, from the aftermath of Vietnam and Watergate. Panels headed by then-Congressman Otis Pike and the late Senator Frank Church carried out extensive investigations of U.S. intelligence activities in the mid-Seventies; in the wake of these investigations, both Houses of Congress decided to establish select committees on intelligence. For a while, both of these committees appeared to conduct their business in an amicable and bipartisan manner with little evidence of politicization. Unfortunately, that state of affairs was too good to last, and for the past two years or so, the House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence, in particular, has become radically politicized. So much so, in fact, that one of the intelligence community's most illustrious and respected alumni, retired Admiral Bobby Inman, resigned in 1982 as a consultant to the committee because he felt it had become politically partisan. Inman, a former director of the National Security Agency and deputy director of Central Intelligence, explained that the oversight committees must be nonpolitical to earn public credibility. "If the country doesn't establish a bipartisan approach to intelligence, we are not going to face the problems of the next fifty years," he added.

The calculated, politically motivated leaking of highly sensitive information has become a Washington art form. This art was practiced to great effect during Congress's consideration of the mining of Nicaraguan harbors. A number of senators who knew about the mining when they voted additional assistance for the *Contras* turned around after the leaks and voted for a resolution prohibiting the mining. This flip-flop called into question the integrity of the whole oversight process, and jeopardized the President's Central American aid program. Senator Patrick Leahy and I have strong differences of opinion regarding the United States' involvement in Nicaragua, but the senator was right on the mark when he said, "There were senators who voted one way the week before and a different way the following week who knew about the mining in both instances and I think were influenced by public opinion, and I think that's wrong and that is a lousy job of legislative action."

As the publicity spread, the integrity of the oversight process deteriorated yet further. A cardinal rule in intelligence is not to comment on news accounts regarding sensitive operations. Yet, we saw Representative Edward P. Boland (D., Mass.), chairman of the House Permanent Select Intelligence Committee, do just that before the House Rules Committee, and subsequently on the House floor. Ironically, according to one press account, Boland's disclosures were partly motivated by a desire to counter charges that the CIA had not fully briefed the committee on mining activities. That's a commendable reason, but at what cost to our intelligence capabilities?



"Frankly I'll be glad when that one's extinct."

Then, in a move that must have left foreign intelligence services gaping, the CIA issued a press release acknowledging its involvement in the mining by citing 11 occasions when it briefed congressional intelligence committees on the matter.

What an unseemly spectacle then unfolded! Senator Goldwater, the chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, excoriated the CIA for not being forthcoming. Shortly thereafter, Senator Moynihan, the committee vice chairman, announced his resignation from the committee, claiming that he had not been properly briefed on the mining matter either. That charge was particularly perplexing inasmuch as Senator Moynihan had reportedly requested a legal opinion from the State Department on the mining question a week before the Senate vote on assistance to the Nicaraguan resistance forces. Nevertheless, CIA Director William Casey (in a triumph of discretion over valor) apologized to the Senate Intelligence Committee for his perceived sins, and Senator Moynihan decided to remain on the committee. The upshot of this bizarre scenario has been a serious deterioration in relations between the CIA and Congress.

All of this, of course, makes a mockery of the oversight system and of what must be the most overt covert program in intelligence annals. If what

(Continues on page 61)

Mr. Hyde, Republican representative from Illinois, is a member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee.

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WITH A PRICE ON HIS HEAD

EVERY YEAR when the Big Three auto companies announce salary increases for their top executives, the news media of the nation celebrate a kind of ritual sacrifice of these men. This *sacre du printemps* generally begins with an editorial blast from the *New York Times*, followed by verbal fulminations in *Time* and *Newsweek*, followed by a note of rising hysteria on the television news. Just why it is that the auto executives—out of the thousands of people around the country who make big salaries—must act as victims of this gnostic ritual is a mystery of faith. We see them in television interviews looking like Sydney Carton as he ascended to the guillotine. They are fated men. They lead lives of quiet desperation.

"Hello, dear. Home early, aren't you?"

"Why . . . yes. I guess I am. I was a bit tired, so I called off the board meeting and canceled my appointment with the head of the Tool and Die Union."

"Sit down. I'll get you a drink? Anything wrong?"

(*Brightly.*) "Oh, no. Nothing wrong. Everything is fine . . . in fact . . . [*Breaking down.*] Oh, what's the use of pretending, Minnie? Today was the day they announced my new salary for next year."

"Oh, Chadwick. I had forgotten. I hope . . . I hope it wasn't too bad this year."

(*Grasping drink with trembling hands.*) "It was the worst ever, Minnie. The directors voted me a $200,000 increase—plus options."

"Oh, no, Chadwick. Tell me there were no stock options!"

"I'm afraid there were, Minnie. [*Burying his head in his hands.*] Minnie, you've got to promise me you won't tell the children."

"All right, Chadwick. I promise. But . . . but they'll hear it at school. The Evening News will be on in a minute and then the whole world will know."

"You're right, Minnie. First, Dan Rather will get that steel blue look in his eyes—like Gary Cooper when he was about to shoot somebody. Then Johnny Carson will make jokes and Ed McMahon will chuckle at them. Then somebody will interview the entire faculty of Harvard. And for my defense, they'll interview a used-car dealer in Red Butte, Montana."

"It's so unfair, Chadwick. Herschel Walker, Tom Brokaw, and Dan Rather get huge salaries and nobody says anything. I bet even Ralph Nader gets an occasional raise. Oh, Chadwick, can't you do anything about it?"

"I've tried, Minnie. Gawd knows I've tried. I went to see old Frobisher, the chairman of the board, and had it out with him. I reminded him that I've had wage increases for the last three years, while lots of less talented people around me got passed over. Look at Tom Forswick: He actually got a salary cut last year."

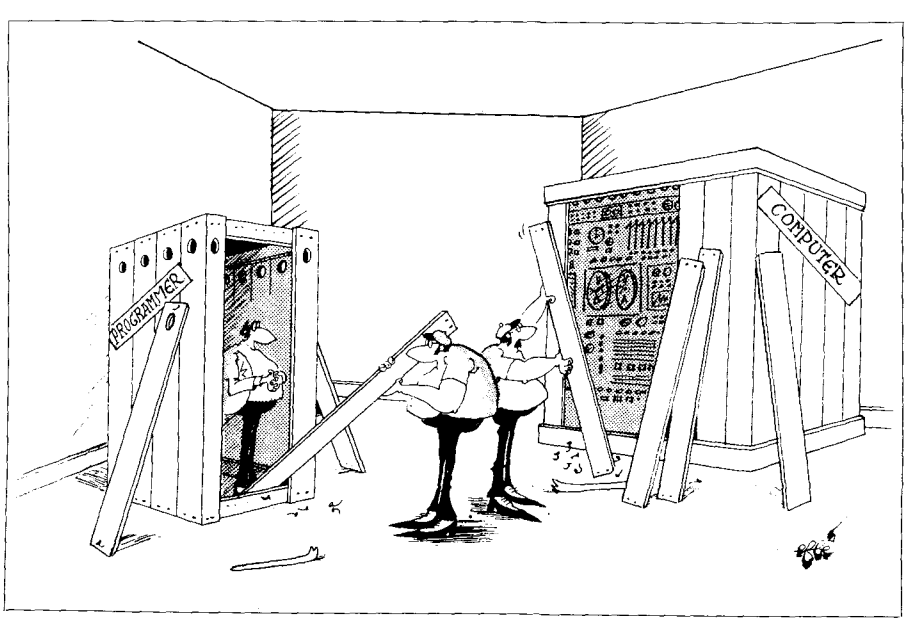
"What did Frobisher say?"

"Aw, the old fool said we'd had a very profitable year and that I'd just have to take my share of the blame. I got nowhere. It's all this damn prosperity, Minnie. And instead of placing the guilt where it belongs—at the doorstep of the current Administration—they blame me."

"Maybe we can go away for a while, dear. You've always wanted to see the Old World. We could slip away until the whole thing blows over."

"No, Minnie. Running away won't help. What kind of life would that be . . . hiding out, dodging around? No, Minnie, I've made a very painful decision. I'm going to resign. I . . . I just can't stand it any longer. I'm not too old to start over. I'll go into something else: chicken farming, quiche production."

"And we'll stand by you, Chadwick. The kids won't understand, but they're loyal. And now let's face the music together. Turn on the Evening News . . . let them do their worst." □



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Mr. Varnado, who remarks that "old teachers never die, they just fade away," is still teaching English at the University of South Alabama.

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THE END OF THE OLD WORLD

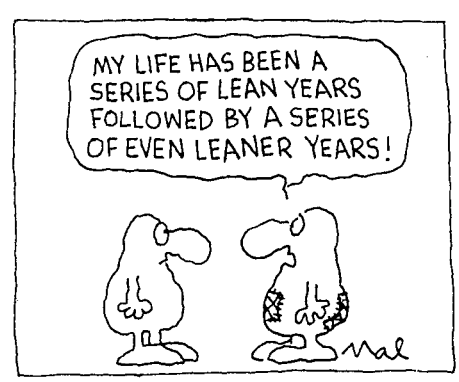
EUROPE HAS just commemorated the seventieth anniversary of the beginning of World War I. On June 28, 1914, Gavrilo Princip, a Serbian nationalist, assassinated Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne. Princip's bullets sparked World War I, and thereby also signaled the beginning of the end of the Old World. No other war had ever changed the map of Europe so drastically. When the war began, four ancient dynasties bestrode Europe—Habsburg, Romanov, Hohenzollern, and Ottoman; by the war's end these dynasties had crumbled, and Russia was in the hands of the Bolsheviks. Sir Edward Grey's words were prophetic: "The lamps are going out all over Europe; we shall not see them lit again in our lifetime." (Nor in *my* lifetime either, I must sadly add.) How did it happen? How did Europe plunge into the bloodiest war in world history, a war that so radically altered Western civilization?

1. Following the assassination of the archduke, Austria sent an ultimatum to the Serbian government demanding to participate in the investigation being conducted by Serbian authorities. Serbia rejected the ultimatum, undoubtedly because its intelligence agents and the Serbian secret society known, to its enemies, as *Crna Ruka* (Black Hand) were instrumental in planning the murder. To put this demand in context, the British press considered it legitimate, and the Russian prime minister thought a castigation of Serbia was long overdue.

2. When Serbia spurned the Austrian ultimatum, Austria mobilized its forces. The Russians could, in turn, have mobilized along the Austrian border, but they chose to mobilize along the German border. When Kaiser Wilhelm II protested to his cousin Nicholas II, the Czar summoned his war minister, Sukhomlinov, and his chief of the general staff, Yanushkievich. The two admitted to the mobilization against Germany but said they were planning a dual mobilization against both Austria and Germany. Nicholas, however, ordered an immediate demobilization along the German border and informed the Kaiser that he had done so. But his order wasn't carried out, and the Kaiser protested once again. Again, the Czar summoned Sukhomlinov and Yanushkievich, who insisted that the order had been carried out. The Czar telegraphed the Kaiser, but Wilhelm's officers informed him that the Russian troops hadn't budged from the German border. Convinced that "Nicky" was lying to him, "Willy" declared war on Russia on August 1. (Sukhomlinov and Yanushkievich were tried in 1918 and admitted that they hadn't carried out the Czar's order.)

3. Neither Austria-Hungary nor Germany had any territorial claims at this time. France, Russia, Rumania, Serbia, Montenegro, and Italy each wanted sizable areas from Austria-Hungary, and some of them wanted territory from Germany as well. This was a war about the Dual Monarchy—the historian D. W. Brogan rightly called it the Second War of the Austrian Succession. As for economic motives, another historian, Sidney Fay of Harvard, said—and I agree with him—that there were none.

4. By 1916 it was evident that the senseless slaughter should be ended. The Central Powers and the Vatican made great efforts to do so. Austria-Hungary tried unsuccessfully to come to an agreement with France through the agency of Prince Sixte of Bourbon-Parma.



5. In 1917 the Czar fell, and a democratic republic was established in Russia under Aleksandr Kerensky, prompting Woodrow Wilson to welcome the new Russia as a "fit partner in a League of Honor." This was the same year that America entered the war, after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and Woodrow Wilson sought to turn it into an ideological war to make the world safe for democracy.

6. When it came to negotiating a peace, the Paris treaties (Versailles, St.-Germain, and Trianon) must be compared, to their detriment, with the Congress of Vienna, which brought the Napoleonic wars to an end, left France —the aggressor—with its old borders, and ensured a political order that prevented large-scale conflagrations in Europe for a hundred years. In *Economic Consequences of the Peace*, John Maynard Keynes, Lloyd George's secretary, predicted that dire consequences would follow the Versailles Treaty, and even George Herron, a Wilson aide who had rejected earlier Austrian peace feelers, prophesied that the Paris treaties would lead to "wars of barbaric savagery." The Treaty of Versailles was signed on June 28, 1919.

7. Geopolitically, the Second War of the Austrian Succession was won by Germany. In October 1926, Professor Fritz Kornemann, in an address at the University of Breslau, pointed out that, whereas Germany formerly had three great powers on her borders, now she had only one—France. To the east, Germany faced a mosaic of small, impotent states, giving her a unique opportunity for expansion. It was only a question of time, the professor said, until they would be swallowed by Germany (or Russia). The stage was set for the Third War of the Austrian Succession. □

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EGALI-TYRANNY

"The American economy," Roman Catholic Bishop J. Francis Stafford has written, "encourages the development of an extreme concentration of wealth among relatively few families." Bishop Stafford has not firmly made up his mind that this is wrong, but he does place "the burden of proof" on those who think it isn't. "Time and again," he writes, "our history has proven that significant numbers of American citizens have been deprived of their social rights *because of* this unjust distribution of wealth and income." (My emphasis.)

The burden of proof cannot be shifted so easily. Did not Bishop Stafford's family, like Walter Mondale's and Ronald Reagan's, and yours and mine, come to America without a dime? Time and again, our history has proven that most Americans do not end their lives at the same level of wealth and income at which they began. Some of today's wealthiest persons were born poor. The scions of some of the wealthiest families of three generations ago live in modest circumstances today. Mathematical rankings are fixed, but the individuals who move through them are in churning flux.

The dynamics of wealth and poverty? If Bishop Stafford's family once owned a great deal of stock in a paddle-wheel-steamer company, it may be worth little today; but even a little stock in Xerox a generation ago would by now have made his family wealthy. It is a mistake to think of wealth as impersonal and static. Many of today's great fortunes—the late Ray Kroc's, for example—did not exist just a few years ago; they were created. Think of Stephen Wozniak of Apple Computer.

America is not about equality of wealth and income. Geraldine Ferraro owns four houses; Walter Mondale's income is in the top 1 per cent. James Madison, in *Federalist* Number 10, calls the rage "for an equal division of property" an "improper and wicked project." In his eyes, a sound republic depends on unequal holdings of property, income, and interest. The Almighty Himself twice forbade covetousness—which implies inequality—in ten Commandments.

Bishop Stafford holds (oddly?) that societies are unequal in social justice and that individuals are unequal in virtue. As Pope John Paul II has said, nations are not equal in resources, in geography, or in circumstance. Why, then, the inequalities both of nature and of grace being so great, should a bishop think equality of wealth and incomes obligatory? Pope Leo XIII did not. In *Rerum Novarum* he wrote with scorn of "futile and ridiculous equality" and added:

> It is impossible to reduce human society to a level. The *Socialists* may do their utmost, but all striving against nature is vain. There naturally exists among mankind innumerable differences of the most important kind; people differ in capability, in diligence, in health, and in strength; and unequal fortune is a necessary result of inequality in condition. Such inequality is far from being disadvantageous either to individuals or to the community; social and public life can only go on by the help of various kinds of capacity and the playing of many parts, and each man, as a rule, chooses the part which peculiarly suits his case.

So counter to nature is strict equality that it can be imposed on human beings only through coercion. Egalitarianism is better named egali-tyranny.

It is, further, a mental error to concentrate on an income gap between individuals (or nations) rather than on bettering the lot of the poor. If we could achieve decent, humane conditions for the poor, what would it matter if a few rich lived at extreme levels of wealth? In the U.S., a few are rich; only 2.5 per cent of all households earn more than $75,000 per year. The many are well off. About 15 per cent are poor (not counting noncash benefits). What would it profit the poor if the few rich were brought down while the poor remained as they are? Narrowing the gap is not the moral imperative; bettering the condition of the poor is.

Finally, a parable. In the (mythical) village of Harmony, Kansas, there are one thousand families, who among them own ten thousand books. Levelers would insist that each family in Harmony should own approximately ten books. Any other distribution of books would in their eyes be unjust. In actual fact, however, 24 families in Harmony—the teachers', ministers', lawyers', and doctors', among others—own nearly half of all the town's books, some 4,800. The poorest two hundred families in Harmony own only the Bible and two or three other books each, for a total of six hundred books distributed among 20 per cent of the village's families. In short, the top 2.4 per cent of the village's families own 48 per cent of all the books in Harmony, while the bottom 20 per cent of families own only 6 per cent.

Meanwhile, the public library in Harmony has another ten thousand volumes. Half the town's books are publicly owned.

The distribution of privately held books in Harmony is roughly parallel to the distribution of privately held wealth in the United States. As in Harmony, public authorities in the United States own about half the wealth, holding vast assets in land, buildings, highways, ports, gold, and other tangibles, not counting financial instruments.

In Poland, a Soviet soldier on winter maneuvers asked a Polish soldier to divide the latter's last piece of bread with him "in a true socialist spirit." The Polish soldier replied: "Absolutely not! Half and half, not a crumb more." Even in paradise, egali-tyranny. □

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FUZZY ZOELLER AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM

J. O. TATE

THE SKIES THEY were ashen and sober, but the leaves they weren't crispèd or sere. It wasn't night, nor in the lonesome October, but it was an immemorial year. It definitely was hard by the dim lake of Auber, in the misty mid-region of Weir; it was down by the dank tarn of Auber, in the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir. It was Mamaroneck, New York—a long walk from Fordham and not far from Broadway—where Edgar Allan Poe wrote or was inspired to write "Ulalume" in 1847, and where Samuel Jackson Snead shot a 67 in 1959. But the people who had gathered in the second and third weeks of this June weren't there to discuss the landscapes of Robert Walter Weir, or Daniel François Auber's composition *le Lac des fées*. They had gathered to identify—for the 84th time since 1895—the national champion of golf.

An indirect measure of the historical stature of the title at stake was the extent of international press and broadcast coverage. NATIONAL REVIEW was there; and, sure, the *New York Times*, *Newsday*, UPI, and *Time* were there, as were such golf writers as Peter Dobereiner and Nick Seitz, not to mention the two most prominent golf correspondents active today: Herbert Warren Wind of *The New Yorker*, whose elegant essays and whose *The Story of American Golf* are contributions to literature; and Dan Jenkins of *Sports Illustrated*, whose *The Dogged Victims of Inexorable Fate* is a collection of golf essays out of the tradition of Southwestern humor. These gentlemen were surrounded by an army of journalists from around the globe: There were the *Adelaide News* and the *Adelaide Advertiser*, as well as the *Melbourne Herald*. There were the *Scottish Daily Record*, the *Glasgow Herald*, and the London *Daily Mirror*, *Daily Mail*, *Financial Times*, *Times*, *Sunday Times*, *Daily Express*, *Evening Standard*, *Observer*, *Sun*, *Sunday Telegraph*, and *Daily Telegraph*. There were *France Golf*, *The Asian Golf Digest*, the Tokyo International News Service, and *La Vanguardia* of Barcelona, among many others. American newspapers were not underrepresented. The *Staten Island Advance*, the *Pocono Record*, and the *Tuscaloosa News* turned up. There were some 1,300 media credentials and the Goodyear blimp. If the Open was a place where one might meet that knowledgeable fellow Mr. Tony Cooper, the secretary/treasurer of the Fiji Golf Association, it was also a place where one could hear a toasted dumpling intone—in those accents known as "Larchmont lockjaw"—"Australia *was* something different, but *God* we loved New Zealand."

The West Course at Winged Foot Golf Club is a golfing shrine, not only because of its heroic demands, but also because of the U.S. Opens that have been staged there. Many spectators had history on the brain. They remembered the curling 12-footer—perhaps the most important single stroke of his career—that Bobby Jones sank on the 72nd hole in 1929 for a par that got him into a playoff the next day in which he buried Al Espinosa, after attending Sunday Mass with him. The putt Jones sank stopped a hemorrhage of strokes and set him up for his fabled Grand Slam of 1930. They remembered too the putting exhibition that Billy Casper staged in 1959: 114 putts for 72 holes; 31 one-putt greens, nine of them consecutive. And they remembered the Massacre at Winged Foot, which Hale Irwin survived in 1974 to win at seven over par. In 1974 Winged Foot played tougher than any Open course had since Oakland Hills in 1951, when Ben Hogan "brought the monster to its knees." Ten years after Irwin won it there, 25 years after Casper, and 55 years after Jones, the United States Golf Association had brought the Open back to Winged Foot.

The clubhouse itself resonates with history. Its front hall is a museum containing, among other relics, one given by the 1949 British Walker Cup team: a club Old Tom Morris made and used in winning the 1867 British Open at Prestwick, Scotland. The elaborate silver service presented to Winged Foot by His Golf Craziness, King Hassan II of Morocco, is behind glass. The scorecard Claude Harmon turned in to win the 1948 Masters (attested by Byron Nelson) reminds the viewer not only of that victory but also of the achievements of the club professionals and assistants at Winged Foot, "the Harvard of golf." Craig Wood, the third head pro, won the U.S. Open and the Masters in 1941. One of his assistants, Henry Poe, became president of the Professional Golfers' Association of America. Others included Paul Runyan, Dick Metz, and Vic

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Ghezzi. Claude Harmon not only won the Masters and taught golf to General Eisenhower and the Duke of Windsor, among many others, but also developed such assistants as Jackie Burke, Mike Souchak, Dick Mayer, Rod Funseth, and Dave Marr. Winged Foot is also inextricably associated with two famous members: Fred Corcoran, the promoter, had a house off the 15th fairway, and when his flag was flying, the bar was open. And Tommy Armour, "the Silver Scot," maintained a special seat in the clubhouse. Today Tom Nieporte is head pro at Winged Foot, and the tradition continues.

The players too had history on their minds. Interviewed on Wednesday, Ben Crenshaw, fresh from his victory at the Masters in April, talked about how A. W. Tillinghast, the course architect, blasted out rock to create bunkers, back in the Twenties. "It's one of the great golf courses. There are no other amenities. It's totally dedicated to golf." To him there was no question that Winged Foot would produce a great champion. Tom Watson, who had started the last round in 1974 in the lead and skyed to a 79, thought the course played shorter and the greens putted slower now than in the year of the Massacre. He supposed par would win. The ball had to be driven in the fairway ("the best all year") and knocked on the green below the hole. To him, "second-shot golf" was required. Watson talked of the patience needed to play "precise golf" under "terrific pressure" to win "the highest prize." He felt confident and capable of winning. When asked privately if it felt good to return to the scene of his frustration of ten years before, having won five British Opens, two Masters, the U.S. Open, and more than $3 million since then, he replied that "revenge" did come to mind. The revenge Watson sought was not against any person, of course, but against Winged Foot itself, where the rule is: Hit it bad and it'll eat your lunch. Nobody gets lucky at Winged Foot.

Jack Nicklaus didn't agree with Watson about second shots. He thought it was a driving course: "The rough is not it. . . . The thing is the tree line." This was not a country club, with manicured greenery; it was instead a "jungle-type situation" with "mammoth trees." And those trees had grown since 1974. Did Winged Foot have the toughest finish in golf? Nicklaus shrugged: "We get this every week." He named the finishes at Royal Lytham and St. Annes and Oakland Hills as maybe tougher. Claiming, with a glare at the journalists, "I'm aware of lots more than I read," Nicklaus knew that a win would give him his fifth U.S. Open (a record), his twentieth major victory (another one), and the distinction of being the oldest player to take the title. Nicklaus, 44, enjoyed lamenting lost strength, but also conceded, "I'm smarter. . . . There are compensations." He was competing to set a record, to do something no one else has done. Clad in a shirt that bore the logo of the Golden Bear, this multimillionaire—a walking conglomerate—wasn't in it for the money.

Out on the back nine, where Payne Stewart was roaming in the gloaming for the last chance to practice, what Crenshaw and Watson and Nicklaus had been talking about was clear. The fairways were cushy dreams. They may have been wider than in 1974, but that was all one could concede to those ribbons that wound their way through galleries of oaks and elms and evergreens (Poe's "alley Titanic / Of cypress"). The greens were framed by steep-walled bunkers, some higher than a man's head. The surfaces were "slower"—in other words, fast—undulating roller coasters that were seriously negotiable in only half their area. This had been the response of Tillinghast to the injunction, "Give us a man-sized course." The rough that was supposed to be "playable" frequently wasn't. Stewart, in the rough at the long uphill 18th, merely pitched out laterally. Finishing in the twilight, he actually ran to the practice tee.

On Thursday morning, in "Ulalume" weather, Ben Crenshaw was hitting perfect drives on that practice tee when Fuzzy Zoeller ambled up to Peter Jacobsen and asked, in a voice meant to be overheard, "Has the 'Open Pressure' got to you yet?" John Mahaffey, over on the left cranking irons and woods, would barely permit himself a half-smile. Of all the golfers, he seemed the one farthest away, all by himself in a cone of concentration he would allow nothing and no one to violate. The sun started to burn through the overcast at 9:30; the birds were chirping when Mahaffey and Zoeller went over to the practice green. Mahaffey worked on stopping the ball downhill; Zoeller was chipping from the rough. Finally

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Mahaffey was cleaning his spikes with a tee and Zoeller was smoking a cigarette with all the deliberation of a condemned man when the time came to tee it up in the U.S. Open.

Playing with Richard Fehr, an amateur, Zoeller birdied the first hole easily, and Mahaffey was up and down for par from the right bunker. The rough on the left at the second hole kept Mahaffey, who could hardly see his ball, off the green in regulation, but didn't keep him from parring the hole, which Zoeller bogeyed. On the third hole, the first of Winged Foot's long par-threes, Calvin Peete, who was playing just ahead with Tom Kite and Fred Couples, skulled a ball out of bounds from the left sandtrap and then passed out. His collapse seemed a cogent response to the course, but was in fact due to dehydration, not panic. Mahaffey, unruffled, one-putted again for a par. On the fourth, Fehr ran afoul of a weeping willow and had to pitch out backwards on his way to a double bogey. On the fifth, Mahaffey had a nasty lie on the left: The ball could not be seen, and the low-hanging trees were in his way. On ground rolling left to right, the stoic Mahaffey, up to his ankles in spinach, dug a magisterial long right-to-left shot out of that leafy mess and held it between and under the trees. Fehr and Mahaffey birdied the hole. Zoeller, over the green on the short sixth, paid the price, but he birdied the seventh, as did Fehr. Mahaffey made improbable pars on the eighth and ninth, and left an impression of equanimity. But even Mahaffey couldn't hope to drive it crooked and one-putt the Foot forever. Zoeller parred the eighth hole from the second fairway, parred the ninth, and went on to finish the round one over.

MEANWHILE, the early scores were coming on the board. As so often happens in an Open, an unknown had snatched the early lead. David Canipe, in with a one-under 69, said that the first cut of rough was "not so bad"; after that, it was "impossible." Canipe talked a lot about money. How much had he made on the tour in '76-'77, in the summer of '79 and winter of '80? "The best I did was less than what you've got in your pocket." Canipe had been cleaning up in the "Space Coast" mini-tour down in Florida: He had put up $2,000 to play in four tournaments. The next afternoon, after shooting another 69, the refreshingly sleazy Canipe was asked, "Are you a golf bum?" His answer, "That's like calling your mistress a whore," seemed to be the fanciest affirmative one had heard in some time. Canipe, who declared he wanted to make as much money as he could, wound up tied for last.

Jack Nicklaus, in with 71, thought anything under par would win. If the rough was lower than in '74, he wondered where. Having been in it four times, he had gotten nowhere near the greens. The recent rains had lowered the scores by softening and slowing the greens, no question. Fred Couples, after a 69, agreed. The massively muscular Jim Thorpe, who had led the Open at Merion in 1981, was leading the Open again with a 68. The swashbuckling Spaniard Severiano Ballesteros—a Pedro Romero looking for a Hemingway—had parred the last hole (448 yards uphill) with a one iron and a seven iron for yet another 69. Seve hadn't played very well this spring, but "sooner or later you're supposed to play sometimes good." This had been his best round all year because this was "the toughest tournament to win, more difficult than any other." He had seen Trevino miss three shots that cost him five strokes. For Seve, it was "really difficult" to "keep concentrate" for four hours. Jay Sigel, the U.S. amateur champion, was also one under par, but had no illusions:

"Can you win?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I can't."

Hubert Green—who sank a ten-footer for par on the 18th, which kept him two under—wasn't sanguine. He was determined to go hit his driver until dark. Was he reminded of 1977, when he won the Open at Southern Hills, playing the last round under a death threat? "No. I've got a lot more grey hairs than I had then." The rueful Green knew he hadn't played well in a long time. He said that people had laughed at him, but he'd proved he could play. "I found out who my true friends are." Alluding darkly to "swing changes" that had led him astray—"I tried to be the best golfer in the world, and I couldn't do it"—Green refused to discuss them. Scorched and skinny, wiry and wary, Hubert Green stared out of deep-set eyes as though he knew unutterable truths. He was a man who'd been through golfing hell. "Don't say somebody's dead till they got flowers on their grave."

If Green's was the most interesting low round, Hale Irwin's was the most imposing. Referring to extensive commentary about his Open championship at Winged Foot a decade before as "hype," the bespectacled Irwin had a bit of a chip on his shoulder, though he was far from the only contestant who had an abstracted, intellectual air. Speaking of the swirl of action as if he were not involved in it, Irwin was in the business of proving that the "hype" was true.

Perhaps Irwin's impatience had been provoked more by the press itself than by the burden he bore. Hearing questions of remarkable fatuity, a reporter from the Coast pointed out that the implications for political coverage were grim. "In 1976, all I heard about for six weeks was 'cardiac lust.' " Curtis Strange, who contended throughout the tournament and who in the second round holed out two shots from off the green (one from 166 yards out), was asked, "Are you happy with the way your career is progressing?"

After a thunderstorm and downpour Thursday evening, Irwin was back the next day, through the irritating traffic jams on Fenimore Road (that's right: James Fenimore Cooper used to live just down the hill). He was satisfied with his second round, another 68. After three-putting the first two holes he "hit the panic button," as he put it, and turned his game around. He birdied the last three holes, which were playing downwind. Enjoying the lead, he was the man to beat, as the hype had claimed—and there were a lot of men who were planning to beat him. Though Tom Watson was eight shots back at four over, he was on the practice tee after his morning round, sweeping two irons off the turf, one slightly drawn screamer after another that sailed off out of sight. But while Watson was at work, a hundred others were packing their bags, having missed the cut.

Greg Norman was in with a 68 that included a miracle

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shot on the 18th, out of junk. And then in the evening Fuzzy Zoeller made the cut with a 66, the low round of the tournament and the lowest round ever shot at Winged Foot during an Open. Swigging a Stroh's, Zoeller recounted his round. He seemed more pleased to have two-putted over "Dolly Parton's watchamajiggers" repeatedly to save par than he was by his birdies. "I beat a great golf course. . . . I've been out here so long I start seeing things. It's pitiful, isn't it?" Zoeller's well-known bad back was being soothed by electric muscle stimulation twice a day. Although he said, "I played in a lot of pain this year," he also said, "I never think about it."

Q: "Are you excited about tomorrow?"

Z: "These are really great questions."

Q: "What dumb question would you ask yourself?"

Z: "What would you do if you got off the tour?"

Q: "Why don't you ask yourself a question you know the answer to?"

Twenty-four hours later he was back with another beer, having saved bogeys at the last two holes with cunning "belly" shots from lies up against the fringe. Zoeller, Irwin, and the Australian Greg Norman, the self-styled "Great White Shark," were all in with 69s, with Jim Thorpe, one of the two best black golfers, lurking right behind. Zoeller described these four leaders, the only ones under par, as "a piece of white meat, a piece of dark meat, and two slices of white bread." The man he referred to as "Hal Urine" or "Urn" was as professorial as ever: "I would presume that made for one heck of a telecast. . . . It's a reasonably accurate statement. . . . Very observant. . . ."

Now that the wind had turned around, Winged Foot was playing tougher, and everything was set for Sunday's final round. The crowds were thick around the practice tee, where the stars would exit surrounded by autograph hounds as by a cloud of mosquitoes. A tension palpable

in the spine and the stomach tightened as the time passed and the leaders got ready to play. Fans in the throng were saying things like "Forget about Simpson and Hatalsky," and "Miller's in his Oakmont position," as indeed he was, along with three other Open champions, Nicklaus, Trevino, and David Graham. After one o'clock, Johnny Miller was working with his putter, his left wrist stoutly taped. Trevino walked off surrounded by more warmth, perhaps, than any other player: "Go get 'em, Champ!" "Go tear 'em up!" Nicklaus went by encased in a moving box of fans. The sky darkened, the wind was up, and there was a pall of quiet at the practice green, punctuated by the jabber of Fuzzy Zoeller. Responding to the people and the anxiety, and thinking he was John Simon or somebody, Zoeller turned motor-mouth movie critic. *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* had not passed muster with the pride of New Albany, Indiana: "If that's the best they got to offer, I don't think I'll be going very often. I'm through with movies for another eight years. Hey—didn't I see your name in the obituary column?" Perhaps not; but there were going to be a number of funereal narratives before dark.

Tim Simpson, who finished with a 76, and Morris Hatalsky, who ballooned to 83, fulfilled the dire prophecies about themselves. The four champions poised just behind didn't seize the day. Graham shot a 76; Miller shot a fine 70; Trevino got in with a 74; Nicklaus shot a 77. John Mahaffey finally shot the 68 that had been expected of him. Curtis Strange posted a 68 to finish third. Peter Jacobsen's splendid 67 moved him up to a tie for seventh. So the story of the last round was the story of the four who had led as the day began.

Jim Thorpe hit a lot of fairways and greens, but couldn't get the ball in the hole. His 73 said something about how Winged Foot played. Hale Irwin, who had had the lead or a piece of it for three days, came apart. Two strokes down to Zoeller (with whom he was paired) by the time he came to the par-five fifth, Irwin was put off his second shot by the crowds that sustained Zoeller. As he had said the day before, "Playing with Fuzz is not your ordinary stroll in the park." His third bogey in five holes was offset by his second birdie in six. But he bogeyed the severe eighth and, with a lackadaisical air that said "I quit," double-bogeyed the tough ninth. Irwin went nine over par for the round, four over for the tournament, and was paid $16,000 for his trouble. Where else would a 79 take sixth place but at the U.S. Open?

With Thorpe and Irwin out of contention, the championship was left to be determined by Zoeller and Norman. Zoeller was out in a swift 32 and seven under par, and began slowly to lose strokes, playing very well. But it was Norman who got the most attention over the last three holes, all long uphill fours, parring them from trouble. On the 16th he pulled a four iron badly, only to hit a super shot from deep rough that crept toward the hole. On the 17th, he drove up against a tree, had to pitch out, and then one-putted from ten feet. Norman drove three hundred yards against the wind on the 18th, and had the Open in his grasp, as Zoeller bogeyed the 17th to make it four under again. Then, standing in the fairway on the 72nd hole of the U.S. Open, Norman hit a six iron into the bleachers right of the green, a shot (which he would later blame on a "rush of adrenaline") that belonged in one

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of the Mr. John Portable Sanitation Units that were here and there around the course. In fact, the fans, with an eye on the scoreboard, cheered—or jeered—the errant shot.

But that was not the end. Dropping into a dreadful lie, aiming at a tricky target over his head, Norman chopped the ball over the green to the high left fringe. On his way to a six, he saved a four with an outrageous forty-foot downhiller that broke five feet to his right. The crowd swelled into a roar: The woofers and tweeters surged antiphonally into a stereophonic eruption. Norman had struck as dramatic a blow as was ever seen in golf.

Now it was up to Zoeller. Standing in the fairway, he saw Norman's putt and heard the reaction. Thinking he'd seen a sensational birdie rather than a sensational if shaky par, he grabbed a white towel out of his bag and waved it over his head: Surrender. Norman semaphored back. But then Zoeller learned the score. His six iron was past and right of the flag. He parred the hole easily, to tie Norman. Hale Irwin, to cap off a miserable day, also parred the hole, by hitting a virtually perfect four wood onto the green.

Later on, Zoeller was to say, "Yes, I was amazed at what happened to Hale. . . . Golf is not a fair game; it's a rude game. Everything went sour for him." He continued to field dense questions with simplicity: "What would winning tomorrow mean to you?" "I don't have the slightest idea." He preferred to revert to his low-brow Simonizing: "Two beers doesn't get you high enough to enjoy *Ghostbusters*. You have to do dope or cocaine." Zoeller sat with two bottles of Beck's, a pack of Kools, and the look, though not the sound, of a tired man. His snappy comebacks and nonstop quipping were designed to keep people—particularly opponents—from knowing what was on his mind. But two remarks did imply what he was thinking. One was, "I had my V-blend set up pretty good." This referred to the Vs formed by his thumbs and forefingers as they made up his grip. A ball-whomping right-to-left slugger who has what Steve Melnyk has called "the fastest hands in golf," Zoeller wanted those signs just so; otherwise, he couldn't hope to keep the ball in the fairway. The other substantive remark was, "It'll be important to get an early lead tomorrow." Saying wistfully and truthfully, "I thought I played good enough to win," Zoeller voiced not a word of what a few had noticed: There had been as much trash as flash in Norman's theatrical finish.

By the time that tomorrow had become a today, there was grousing about the "anticlimax" of an 18-hole playoff. Apparently everything is supposed to be shaped for the instant benefit of television. But surely the USGA is wise to insist on a complete round of golf as a test, rather than the crap-shoot of "sudden death" to which almost all the other tournaments have succumbed. The light rain didn't faze the officials either. Only lightning or world war could frustrate their aim "to declare a national champion."

Schedules and reservations all over the civilized world had been changed because of the playoff between the tall platinum Aussie and the compact dark Yank, a contest between Spalding and PowerBilt that had people talking about the America's Cup. Greg Norman arrived to warm up first, and left last. Zoeller was obviously saving his back, and spent as much time puffing Kools and counting his golf gloves as he did practicing. Oddly enough, he didn't hit one shot from sand or one pitch from the long grass. When a Japanese cameraman got inside the ropes, wearing what appeared to be an inverted, cut-out trashcan liner as a poncho, Zoeller was ready. "Hey, c'm'ere. Who's your tailor? That's what I want to know." But that was all the showing off he did. Trying to master his nerves and "keep concentrate," Zoeller, grey about the gills, looked about as comfortable as Roderick Usher.

Norman and Zoeller found out what kind of a day it was going to be very quickly. Norman drove semi-perfectly on the first hole. Blocking out the hook he feared, Zoeller was a few feet in the right rough, behind a little pine. But he had a lie and a line. Cool as one of his cigarette filters, he mentholated an eight-iron close for birdie; Norman also birdied. On the second hole, amid a flurry of umbrellas, Zoeller was way past the hole. The shot he tried to lag rolled 68 feet and in, inspiring a long rolling crescendo of a roar from the thousands who had come out to watch two men play golf in the rain. Then Norman, lying three and feeling he had to go for it, three-putted for double bogey. Zoeller, up three strokes on one hole, was off and running.

Meanwhile the marshals, who had need of Wyatt Earp, nearly lost control of the crowd. There was mention of a "Mets-game mentality" as some began to stampede a bit. But such enthusiasm was a healthy expression and an appropriate reaction to the golfing equivalent of the Gunfight at the O.K. Corral. Besides, the same masses that got out of order also provided a sepulchral quiet for the players when they addressed the ball. By the fourth hole, the umbrellas were furled, the confusion dispelled, and thousands lined the fairways as Zoeller picked Winged Foot—and Norman—apart. Smooth and strong, Zoeller revealed but two moments of doubtful judgment. At the par-five 12th, Norman hit a golden drive in an area about eight feet across, which gave him a level stance. Was that too much to expect? Apparently so. In the middle of the same fairway, Zoeller's ball was perched on the slope of a mound that resembled an old European fortification. He had a dangerous uphill/sidehill stance. With a big lead and a bad lie, Zoeller had every reason to lay up. Instead, acting quickly, he grabbed a three wood and drew the ball into a bunker left of the pin. Norman then hooked his ball over the trees to the side of the 13th tee. Both of them were up and down for birdie. Zoeller's caddie, Mike Mazzeo, explained later that the decision to go for it was all Fuzzy's. "I never get in his way when he's ready." The ball had carried, he figured, 266 yards uphill. But with all those "jungle-type conditions" around, the chance that Zoeller took was the golf that surpasseth understanding.

And at the 15th hole, there was a very slight flinch in Zoeller's progress toward the title. Addressing his second shot, he looked at Mike Mazzeo, and then opened his palms questioningly. Mazzeo, squire to his knight, shrugged back with a gesture that said, "Why not?" Zoeller was asking whether a hard seven might not be better than a relaxed six. Mazzeo was proved right in urging his man to swing the club in his hands. Nothing would disturb the march of the curiously subdued and self-absorbed Zoeller, certainly not Norman, who made a lot of bogeys, and who comported himself like a gentleman. They walked up the 18th fairway and onto the green to a storm of ap-

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probation; and Norman, remembering Zoeller's gesture of the day before, waved a white towel over his head. He even playfully indicated to Zoeller the line of his putt, which was nearly the same as the one he'd sunk to force the playoff.

Mr. Frank Urban Zoeller told Mr. James Hand, president of the USGA, that he wanted "Fuzzy Zoeller" engraved on the trophy: "It'll be the only Fuzzy on there, I'll guarantee you that." Later, spying a Michelob being delivered, he declared, "Wait a minute. I just got new life." He could fairly claim, "I whipped it for five days." Indeed, he had shot the lowest round ever—a 67—in a major playoff. Could he put that in historical perspective? "That's over my head. Did you have to look that up?" Since he had little to say—"I was in a zone of my own. . . . I was talking and everything"—there remained only the finish, which came this way to a small group of diehards: "Fifteen bottles of champagne, guys—let's have a party. It's on me." But the golf he'd played was even more sparkling than the Moët & Chandon White Star Extra Dry that popped and fizzed and flowed. The golf he'd played was worthy of the company his name would keep on the trophy, which list was itself a historical perspective. And although Zoeller had won big, Winged Foot had also prevailed: After five days, there was only one man under par. The USGA had again achieved its goal of putting together a national open championship worthy of comparison with the finest tests that remain in memory. Neither element of Fuzzy Zoeller's modest disclaimer, "I'm just an ordinary guy who does something crazy for a living," was convincing—not after he had run the gauntlet five times at Winged Foot. □

EGGS FROM THE GOOSE

Joseph Sobran

The Neoliberals: Creating the New American Politics, by Randall Rothenberg (Simon & Schuster, 287 pp., $16.95)

THE NEOLIBERALS is the indispensable book about the neoliberals, assuming they exist. Randall Rothenberg makes a pretty good case that they do, and his narrative exposition of the various phases of neoliberalism has what a Sinclair Lewis character calls "some *git* to it." It is a good introduction, sophisticated but clear and not overly ambitious.

The neoliberals are hard to define. They include Senators Paul Tsongas (who is retiring because he has cancer), Gary Hart, and Bill Bradley, and the economists Robert Reich and Lester Thurow. These men have no formal creed, they do not constitute a clique, and their voting records are hard to distinguish from those of the older set of liberals. So how does one identify them?

By certain loosely related family resemblances. They have divested their liberalism of leftist rhetoric and have rejected certain leftist assumptions and attitudes. They favor business, economic growth, decentralization, high technology, and a strong defense.

That sounds pretty conservative, so why are they liberals? Because, says Rothenberg, they are just as committed to "social revolution," in their way, as the old liberals ever were. It's just that they have come to terms with market forces and have given up on utopian schemes and redistributionist economics. Tsongas sums it up in the phrase "compassionate realism."

Bradley is the co-sponsor of a bill proposing a flat-rate income tax. Hart has some new ideas on defense. Reich has written a book on economic policy that delights George Gilder. These young blades are a brainy lot, and they have put behind them all the old bathos of tribal and bleeding-heart politics.

In fact they may be going to another extreme. They seem to see visions of a technocratic government in which education is "investment in human capital," the state and big capital work hand in hand, and "national service" is compulsory for all.

So what becomes of the individual in the neolib enterprise state? In fact, what is "liberal" about such a social order? It sounds to me like a streamlined version of Hilaire Belloc's Servile State. It represents a certain retrenchment, not a new philosophy: It accepts limits on state power not out of any principle but out of a desire to achieve optimum power. Like the Laffer Curve, neoliberalism acknowledges that if you try to take too much you wind up with less than the optimum. But this is a concession to reality, not to right.

Neoliberalism, in other words, is a strategy of manipulation. It seeks to coax more golden eggs out of the goose, not to liberate the goose for her own sake. Conservatives might well find the neolib regime more tolerable than the Great Society, but they would do well to avoid its seductions.

When Reich says "there was *never* a free market in this country," he is employing a sophistry designed to expand the enterprise role of the Federal Government. It would be odd to argue from the fact that the condition of civil liberty was never pure to the conclusion that we ought to accept more constrictions of it, but that in effect is how Reich argues. He is too impatient to listen to himself. It would distract him.

One is grateful for being relieved of the old redistributionist politics, with all its appeals to envy and servility, but at the same time a danger lurks in this talk of "affirmative government." Coolidge remarked that "the prime element in the value of all property is the knowledge that its peaceful use will be publicly defended." A government that maintains law and order is not doing nothing; it is doing plenty, and its role is corrupted when it takes on the extraneous functions of corporate management. As Michael Oakeshott says, the regime of civil society is not a "free enterprise" affair, but

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LAST AUGUST TITLES: In *Nomenklatura: The Soviet Ruling Class* (Doubleday, $19.95) Michael Voslensky, who defected to the West in 1977 after the Soviet government attempted to kidnap him from Austria where he was a visiting scholar, describes a parasitic bureaucracy that, by closing off all means of domestic reform, virtually guarantees Soviet adventurism abroad.

Philip Young's *Hawthorne's Secret: An Untold Tale* (Godine, $15.95) seeks clues to the novelist's "secret life" in the characters and plots he created for his art.

☐ SOME SEPTEMBER TITLES: *Solzhenitsyn: A Biography* (Norton, $29.95), by Michael Scammell, looks to be an excellent biography; the author is a Britisher who is also a translator from the Russian and a founder of *Index on Censorship*. . . .

D. Steven Blum's *Walter Lippmann: Cosmopolitanism in the Century of Total War* (Cornell, $19.95) stresses "the thinker"—indeed the philosopher—"inside the journalist" who sought a "cosmopolitan ideal" in which the interdependency of international life was paramount.

In *The Constitution: That Delicate Balance* (Random House, $17.95) Fred W. Friendly and Martha J. H. Elliott explore the background and implications of 16 major Supreme Court cases, dealing with such questions as abortion, the insanity plea, and school prayer, in conjunction with a soon-to-be-presented PBS television series on constitutional issues.

Hemingway in Cuba (Lyle Stuart, $22.50), by Norberto Fuentes and with an introduction by Gabriel García Márquez, draws upon the Hemingway papers at the Finca Vigía museum, as well as on interviews with people acquainted with the novelist, to elucidate Hemingway's Cuban writings and his 22 years' experience with the island. —CW

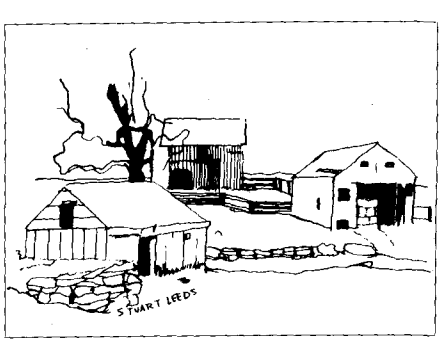
a "no enterprise" affair in which the state is indifferent to the particular interests hindered or advanced by the rule of law. An umpire who was determined to promote the victory of the most virtuous player might be a highly moral man, but he wouldn't be much of an umpire.

Can we be frank here? I go nuts reading all these books by authors who haven't stopped to reflect on such fundamental points. Intelligent men go whoring after intellectual novelties without having acquainted themselves with Burke or Hamilton, let alone recent conservative thinkers like Oakeshott, Jaffa, Hayek, and Jouvenel. It isn't necessary to read them all or to know any one of them intimately; but it would be so nice if you could count on the average liberal writer to be aware that there are certain questions to which the answers aren't necessarily those assumed by the current consensus of busy men on the make. That, and not producing "human capital," is what education is supposed to be about. Rothenberg is a perfectly intelligent man; there is simply no excuse for people like him to travel in such narrow grooves of mind.

I really don't think the neolibs are going anywhere politically; they share a frame of mind, but they don't constitute a full-blooded political force. They have ideas for using power without any means of getting it, which is just as well. We can appreciate certain things in their makeup without wishing to be governed by them. During the recent Democratic race Hart's "new ideas" turned out to be pretty impalpable, and he wound up returning to traditional Democratic themes. That is why I wonder if the neolibs really exist in any serious sense.

At the Democrats' convention the show was stolen by Mario Cuomo, who doesn't have a high-tech bone in his body. He summoned up a nostalgic image of the past, in which we were a nation of hard-working immigrants united by the affections of a family; and he became the Democrats' man of the future. It was a truly reactionary performance, which was its whole charm, but it shows who really has a purchase on the party. Hart's neoliberalism made him an enigma, not an attraction. He won votes mainly as the handiest alternative to Mondale.

Rothenberg asserts that the main obstacle to neolib projects is organized labor. But if a declining interest group within the party can derail them, they don't look like much of a threat to anyone outside. Individually the neolibs are nice, bright, attractive young men. It would be good to get them reading the right books. ☐



FILM

POSTLUDE

John Simon

THE DECLINE of a genius is the saddest spectacle in the arts. How terrible it must feel to have created masterpieces and then realize, suddenly or gradually, that one is now producing travesties of one's former works. Or, just as sad, not realize it. Yet even in their disintegration the great masters garner praise from those who don't, or don't want to, know better; indeed, there are foolish critics who can recognize greatness only when it has become pitiful self-parody, and so it is that the late, sorry films of Ingmar Bergman (among others) have received almost as much approbation as the earlier sublime ones. Hence the enormous acclaim for *Fanny and Alexander*—Bergman's biggest hit in Sweden and an Oscar-winner here—which I consider wan, diluted stuff. I am told, though, that a five-and-a-quarter-hour version was subsequently shown in Sweden to moderate success, and that it is superior to the earlier version in general release. Not having seen it, all I can say is that five and a quarter hours is an awful lot.

Fanny and Alexander was, Bergman declared, his last theatrical film; now we get *After the Rehearsal*, written in 1980 but made after *F&A* for television, where, as in the theater, Bergman proposes to remain active. The new work, though only 72 minutes long, seems interminable and almost as unsuited to TV as to the cinema, where it is being exhibited hereabouts. It is an example of talking heads where neither the talk nor the heads are very interesting. Aside from being static almost to the point of rigor mortis, it features characters and situations—even dialogue—that we have encountered in previous Bergman films in fresher, more penetrating and pertinent form.

Henrik Vogler, a distinguished thea-

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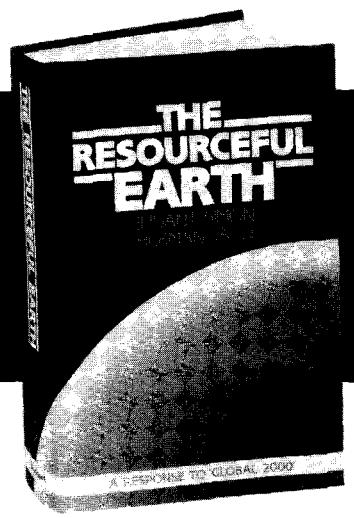
ter and film director, is alone of an afternoon on a stage where a rehearsal of his fifth production of Strindberg's *Dream Play* (which Bergman himself has mounted, in 1970 and 1977) has just taken place. He is sitting "in a shabby armchair that has served in many an Ibsen play," the scenario states, and he is "109 years old, or perhaps only 62" (in 1980, Bergman was 62). Anna Egerman, a young actress getting her first real break with the role of Agnes (Indra's daughter), now comes back looking for a bracelet she allegedly lost during rehearsal, though it will emerge that she never wore one. She is trying to seduce her director, who was somehow involved with Rakel, her now-dead mother, an actress who worked with Henrik but was married to his friend and collaborator Mikael. Will history repeat itself and Anna become Henrik's mistress as, we later learn, Rakel was, although Henrik denies it to Anna? Not a burning question, exactly, and the film cannot even make it lukewarm.

Henrik Vogler, though a bit tired of affairs with his actresses, is vaguely tempted by 23-year-old Anna. He knows that she is in the midst of a liaison with Peter, the assistant director, whom he despises, and it now appears that she is pregnant by him, which upsets Henrik, partly out of jealousy and partly because she will have to leave the play prematurely. Then Anna reveals that she has already aborted the child, which also upsets Henrik, and that she did so at the instigation of Peter, who greatly admires Henrik, which further annoys Henrik, albeit only mildly. Henrik and Anna indulge in a combination fencing bout and flirtation, and just as both reminisce about her mother, Rakel materializes for Henrik's eyes only.

The Rakel whom Henrik evokes is on her last legs as a woman and as an actress. Her marriage to Mikael is a failure, possibly because she is in love with Henrik; she drinks heavily and has terrible fights with Mikael. Lately she has been hospitalized for alcoholism, and the friendly psychiatrist who treats her also has sex with her, then calls up Mikael to discuss her state while she "lies on the floor in her little white room and masturbates." Out of pity, Henrik has offered her a two-line part (a mother!) in his current stage production, but she may be too drunk and disorderly—and discontented—even for that. In the scene Henrik recalls, Rakel has come back after a rehearsal on a pretext similar to her daughter's and finally, amid much mutual recrimination, extracts a promise from Henrik that he'll visit her for some sex. She leaves.

The confrontation between Henrik and Anna now continues. There is much talk about the art and life of the actor, the art and life of the director, the symbiosis between actor and director; also, in general, about theater, audiences, and those two oldest surviving Siamese twins, reality and illusion. Further, about show-business sex, and about how Henrik could help Anna in her work and life, and how she could help or hinder him. They finally talk out what their affair would be like were they to have it, and then, in part because the prospect is not so rosy and in part because they have already talked it out, they resolve to forgo the affair. Anna remembers that she is late for a radio-play rehearsal, and Henrik gives her permission to blame it on him. As she reluctantly leaves, church bells are ringing (symbol), but Vogler, who is getting deaf with age, cannot



WHO SAYS WE'RE OUT OF ROOM?

The liberal environmentalists have forecast widespread disaster by the turn of the century.

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hear them (symbol). Alone, he grows a mite despondent, then re-immerses himself in his director's copy of the script (symbol). The bells stop ringing (symbol) and the movie ends (bliss).

Perhaps even this tired, trite script could work if the writing were cleaner, the acting stronger, the direction more various. Many of my Swedish literary friends have been telling me over the years how old-fashioned and shopworn Bergman's dialogue was, how he wrote a dated, "literary," nineteenth-century Swedish. Though I do not know the language, I refused to believe this because, at least in the subtitles, the diction seemed fine, and so I still maintain it to be in the great films of Bergman's heyday, as also in what I consider his last major work, *Scenes from a Marriage*. But in the later films the language does get noticeably heavier, more didactic, explicit, labored, repetitious, and, simply, more. There is often no end to monologues unrelieved by action (here, at best, the camera gets to move around the stage a bit to examine the scenery by way of drama) and to closeups that even as great a master of the tight shot as Bergman can no longer make different and unique. And even his trusty, superb cinematographer, Sven Nykvist, seems to have run out of ideas; *After the Rehearsal* could have been shot by any old—or young—cameraman.

But to return to the writing. The experienced director, enthroned on his stage, speaks to the eager postulant: "You lean forward and your head is right inside another reality! The dead are not dead, the living seem like ghosts. What was obvious a minute ago is queer and obscure. Anna! Listen to the silence here on the stage. Imagine all the mental energy, all the feelings, genuine and sham, the laughter and rage and passions and I don't know what. It is all still there, shut up, living its secret, continuous life . . ." etc. And many more epigonous, self-parodying, shallow profundities like that. Bergman has treated actors and directors of the theater in such films as *The Naked Night*, *Smiles of a Summer Night*, *Persona*, *The Rite*, and *Fanny and Alexander*, and transposed

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

"THE TENTH anniversary of the Supreme Court decision in *Roe* v. *Wade* is a good time for us to pause and reflect," Ronald Reagan wrote in the Spring 1983 issue of *The Human Life Review*:

> Our nationwide policy of abortion-on-demand was neither voted for by our people nor enacted by our legislators—not a single state had such unrestricted abortion before the Supreme Court decreed it to be national policy in 1973. But the consequences of this judicial decision are now obvious: Since 1973, more than 15 million unborn children have had their lives snuffed out by abortions. That is over ten times the number of Americans lost in all our nation's wars.

If it is a rare thing—at least since the time of Theodore Roosevelt—for a sitting President to write any kind of essay at all, it is rarer still for one to commit himself so categorically thereby to a position on the most radical moral issue of the time. A year after its original publication in the *HLR*, the President's discourse makes its appearance in *Abortion and the Conscience of the Nation* (Thomas Nelson, Publishers, Nashville, Tenn.; $7.95), a small but puissant book printed with Afterwords by C. Everett Koop, MD, the U.S. Surgeon General, and Malcolm Muggeridge. In it the President ranges from *Roe* v. *Wade* across Mother Teresa, Baby Doe, and the *Dred Scott* decision to come to rest with the Human Life Bill (first introduced by Senator Jesse Helms), the Respect Human Life Bill (introduced by Representative Henry Hyde and Senator Roger Jepsen), and the possibility of a constitutional amendment proscribing abortion; all of which Mr. Reagan uncompromisingly supports on the basis of a traditional philosophy engagingly expressed in homely turns of phrase. (". . . Anyone who doesn't feel sure whether we are talking about a . . . human life should clearly give life the benefit of the doubt. If you don't know whether a body is alive or dead, you would never bury it.")

Reagan—who begins by quoting Professor John Hart Ely's dismissal of *Roe* v. *Wade* ("Not constitutional law and gives almost no sense of an obligation to try to be") and concludes with the assertion that "we cannot survive as a free nation when some men decide that others are not fit to live"—remains confident (as perhaps befits their President) that 230 million Americans would not vote the Court's decision into effect if it were put to them, and argues that *Roe* v. *Wade* can be reversed by later courts, just as *Dred Scott* eventually was. Dr. Koop, however, is not so optimistic. In his contribution, "The Slide to Auschwitz," he notes, with no triumph whatsoever, that the ten consequences of *Roe* v. *Wade* that he predicted in 1973 have been realized—including the revival of infanticide, which is exactly what the death-by-starvation of Baby Doe amounted to. Koop, a pediatric surgeon of 32 years' practice, is frankly appalled by the absence of public outrage against the "euthanasia movement . . . [which] is with us today with greater strength and persuasion than has ever been the case before in the history of what we call modern civilization," including the Nazi era.

Muggeridge takes up this theme in "The Humane Holocaust":

> Which vision are we for? On the one hand, as the pattern of our collective existence, the broiler house or factory farm, in which the concern is solely for the physical well-being of the livestock and the financial well-being of the enterprise; on the other, mankind as a family, all of whose members, whatever physical or mental qualities or deficiencies they may have, are equally deserving of consideration in the eyes of their creator, and whose existence has validity, not just in relation to history, but in relation to a destiny reaching beyond time and into eternity. Or, in simple terms, on the one hand, the quality of life; on the other, the sanctity of life.

In 1979, the United Nations' "Year of the Child," Muggeridge notes, an estimated fifty million abortions were performed—a fact that somehow failed to dampen that much-publicized celebration. And did you know that an Anglican bishop has recently devised, and the Archbishop of Canterbury approved, a prayer to be offered on behalf of Christian abortees? It goes like this: "Into Thy hands we commit in trust the developing life we have cut short . . . " □

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them to ballet and opera in *Illicit Interlude* and *The Magic Flute*. (Oddly enough, film acting and directing figure only briefly in the early and immature *Prison*. It is as if, even while trying to be self-revealing, he withheld at least half the truth.) But in all of these the talk was either less grandiose and more trenchant or interspersed with action. Everything in *After the Rehearsal*, even the sexual skirmishing, smacks of theory, and rehashed theory at that.

Add to this the casting. Lena Olin, as Anna, has none of the histrionic and erotic appeal of Bergman's earlier ingénues and leading ladies—has, in fact, a certain stolidity. And Erland Josephson, though a gifted actor, is miscast. His specialties are weak, ordinary men or slightly bizarre eccentrics; he has neither the commanding presence of a Max von Sydow or Gunnar Björnstrand nor the sinister fascination of a Jarl Kulle or Hasse Ekman. In no way does he suggest the complexities and sex appeal of a Vogler-Bergman. Ingrid Thulin (Rakel) still has the old acuteness, but a car accident requiring the complete restructuring of her fine face has made her age not singly but doubly. *After the Rehearsal* seems to be also well after Bergman, made by a belated imitator.

THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY is a no-holds-barred farce about the clash of three elements in not so much the heart as the groin of Africa. There are the innocent and noble Bushmen of Botswana's Kalahari Desert, led by Xi (played by the delightful N!xau, where ! stands for a clicking sound), on whose tribe an empty Coke bottle dropped from a passing plane brings calamity, and who sets out to drop the bottle from the edge of the (his) world, returning it to the mischievous gods. There are the Occidentalized blacks running despotic governments or staging bloody but inept Marxist coups, killing or pursuing one another. And there are assorted ludicrous whites, notably a bumbling microbiologist hero, a pretty schoolteacher heroine who left the odious City only to find the Country no less problematic, and the suavely shifty tour guide who wants to steal her from our hero. All three groups get entangled in a riotous mix-up that the South African writer-director Jamie Uys milks for everything it's worth, from nature documentary, through slapstick with absurdist overtones, to political commentary of, needless to say, not the deepest sort.

The film—made by a canny, likable *routinier* who has been grinding them out for years with much less success—is neither a bold anti-apartheid statement nor (as some misguided souls would have it) a patronization of black Africa. It merely embodies Mark Twain's famous creed: "I am not prejudiced against any man because of his race or religion. It is enough for me to know that he is another human being—and what could be worse than that?" So it views our all too human condition farcically, with simple but infectious fun. Which is just fline. □

THE GIMLET EYE

MY MOTHER DOESN'T GO TO WILLIAMSBURG

D. Keith Mano

"HELLO?"

"It's me."

"Mother. How was your trip to Williamsburg?"

"Don't ask."

"I won't."

"You don't care to know how your mother suffered?"

"I think I've had this conversation before. I'll ask."

"That bus, on the left you had to bring your knees up above your chin. On the right, where they stuck the bathroom—and it was strictly OCUPADO, everyone was taking diuretics—on the right we were one big accordion. It was supposed to be a kneeling bus, but I think—like the rest of us—it had arthritis. And, ho, forget about finding a metal bar to rest your feet on. This was a no-frills trip, and a metal bar for your feet is a frill. It had those black glass windows, very classy I thought, but that's just so you can't see what you're getting into. Besides, who can do a decent TM meditation with one knee in the mouth?"

"But the people were nice?"

"Nice, but Dumb City. The only cultured remark I heard was when one lady said she had an English muffin for breakfast. The right brain wasn't speaking to the left. They had head murmurs to go with their heart murmurs. Remember, this was a senior-

BAD NEWS

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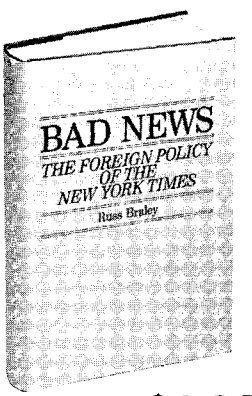

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citizen junket, and none of us was healthy to start with. Twelve hours, and every 15 minutes someone was coming down the aisle with tepid water and a pill. I saw liver spots before my eyes. The general intellectual atmosphere was slow as an IV drip in your arm. Lucky for me I smoke."

"Come again?"

"Most boring people are nonsmokers, I don't have to tell you. So when I get tired of some tum-tum at a party, I say, 'Excuse me, I've gotta smoke.' It's very handy. A long time ago, when they were trying to connect cigarettes and cancer, they found that smokers were the really interesting people. They drink, they take coffee, they cross against the light. DRIVER ALLERGIC it says in the taxis. DRIVER DULL, they mean. Problem here was they banished me to the back of the bus—and that was the only place with a little legroom. Before I knew it the halt, lame, and insipid were back with me trying to keep their rheumatic joints from setting permanently into bus-shape. Suddenly they weren't allergic to smoke."

"Uh, how was the motel?"

"A fraud, what else? They advertised that it was half a block from Williamsburg. Actually it was a half-block from a crack in the fence that was on the outskirts of Williamsburg. You ducked through this crack, then you had to walk three miles, and walking is not your mother's forte. Not in 96 degrees solid molasses. Well, they did have good guest towels. I got a ton of them. After a half-mile we came to this first-class hotel—from there a cab cost $10. The first-class hotel didn't have a hole in the fence, though, so they couldn't advertise that they were a block and a half from Williamsburg."

"I see the distinction. Did you get to Busch Gardens?"

"Artificial Europe, you mean? We went to England where they had Clydesdale horses stabled in the middle of a souvenir stand. The soulful brown eyes on those horses, they looked like prisoners saying, 'Let me out of this big horse body.' It was disconcerting, I almost couldn't eat my whipped cream and strawberries. Then in Germany they had Teutonic types dancing around a Maypole in gay costume. But every one of them had a kind of bland, dumb face—a bunch of nonsmokers if I ever saw one—it reminded me of the café scene in *Cabaret*, no wonder these people fell for World War II. Very upsetting, I almost couldn't eat my whipped cream and Black Forest cake."

"Were you on your own, didn't the organization plan any activities?"

"We were entitled to one farewell dinner, so we went to Ye Olde Someplace, and we climbed stairs and stairs and there we were in the attic. Two windows and both nailed shut. Remember when we went to Italy—every time I said we were with Global Tours, bang, they sent us right to the cellar? Tours I'm on, either they send you to the cellar or to the attic. Ye Olde waiter had to come up from the basement kitchen with every serving. Our hearts bled for him, I almost couldn't eat my whipped-cream brownie."

"Almost again. Sounds like you had a lot of close calls with the dessert."

"I had a lot of compensating to do, believe me. Worse yet, on the way back, boom, the bus died of an infarction twenty miles from our Something Arms Hotel."

"Oh, no. Not another piece of tour transportation shot out from under you."

"It's 96 degrees and your mother is towed to a bus graveyard with 52 other senior citizens. And we're all encouraged to get out and help find the bus piece that most resembles the part that fell off. Sunstroke and arthritis go together nice. I felt like a rejected transplant out there. People are popping digitalis and blood thinner and whole-bull extract all around me. I'm ready for Diane Arbus to jump up with her camera from behind a bus wreck and say, 'Cheese.' One woman, ho-ho, thought a replacement bus would come. Fat chance: this organization has a fleet of one, what do you expect for $400? Just lucky I packed a box lunch, we got in at 2 A.M. A Streetcar Named Lack of Desire it was."

"Good grief. Well, was the restoration worth it?"

"The bus ran. Restored I wouldn't say it was. They've been using it since the Pullman Strike."

"No, I mean the colonial restoration in Williamsburg."

"There's a colonial restoration?"

"Mother, uh, may I ask why you took this trip?"

"Listen, the bus happens to leave from outside my door. I'd go to a leg-waxing convention if the bus stopped outside my door. At my age, who can shlep suitcases."

"I shouldn't have asked." □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Two Hungry Giants, by Raymond Vernon (Harvard, 161 pp., $16)

THIS BOOK, by a noted Harvard specialist in international affairs, deals with the "two hungry giants" facing each other across the North Pacific—the U.S. and Japan—and their "quest for oil and ores." In all the excitement over the latest high-tech concepts, it is easy to forget just how important basics like oil and raw materials are to modern economies. Even with small cars and large conservation, the U.S. still has to import a third of its petroleum, and Japan doesn't have enough domestic oil to clean its socket sets, much less run its autos. The same goes for minerals. While America has some gluts, many strategic metals (like chromium) either are in short supply or come from unstable parts of the world. Japan, of course, has next to nothing in the way of mineral resources. (In fact, by all conventional standards, Japan, with its lack of basic materials, shortage of land, etc., should be one of the world's tin-cup nations; why it isn't is an object lesson in the study of human resources.) Right now, there is neither an oil nor (apparently) a mineral crisis. Despite chaos in Lebanon and the Iran-Iraq war, oil still flows to California and Honshu; raw materials cross the Pacific without let-

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up. But this could change literally overnight. Therefore, common sense would suggest that, given the uncertainty of supply and their common aims, the U.S. and Japan should cooperate more closely. But Vernon thinks not. He sees the cultural patterns of the two as "extraordinarily disparate to the point of incompatibility." On the other hand, he doesn't foresee estrangement and hostility ultimately leading to divorce. In Vernon's view, the U.S. and Japan are "the odd couple, sharing little in habits, values, and aspirations, yet unable to make any other choice but to accommodate one another's existence." For a tight study of international relations and commodity markets, as well as some sharp sociological insights, *Two Hungry Giants* is well worth reading.

JACK D. KIRWAN

The New Grove Mozart, by Stanley Sadie (Norton, 247 pp., $16.50; $7.95 paper)

THE 1980 EDITION of *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, known as *The New Grove*, has been widely acclaimed as the single most comprehensive English-language musical reference work ever published. It is also horrendously expensive. For the benefit of your average indigent musician who would like to have easier access to so marvelous a research tool, Norton is bringing out a series of single-volume composer biographies drawn from *The New Grove*. Each volume contains the full text of the original article complete with bibliography and work-list, the whole corrected and updated in the light of recent musicological research. Of the first five volumes in the series, Stanley Sadie's *The New Grove Mozart* wins the honors by a nose: It's the best short study of Mozart's life and work ever to see print, and it clearly deserved publication as a separate volume. (Stanley Sadie, incidentally, edited the complete *New Grove*.) This is not to say that the other volumes are less than excellent; Nicholas Temperley's ten-page discussion of the Bach "revival" in *The New Grove Bach Family*, for example, is exemplary in its compression and clarity. Christoph Wolff is the principal author of *The New Grove Bach Family*; other volumes in this initial release include Winton Dean on Handel, Jens Peter Larsen on Haydn, and Maurice J. E. Brown on Schubert.

TERRY TEACHOUT

HYDE

(Continued from page 46)

is at stake here were not so important, we could pause and have a good laugh at ourselves. But, unfortunately, our intelligence contacts around the world have taken note of this sorry performance, as have thousands of Miskito Indians and other Nicaraguans dependent on us for continued support. What they have observed cannot be reassuring.

It appears the only way to mount a successful covert operation these days is for such an activity to have the unanimous support of both intelligence committees and the involved agencies of the intelligence community. Anything short of that is doomed to failure. With politics intruding so heavily in the process, more debacles are a distinct possibility.

Major surgery is in order.

It is time to give serious thought to merging the existing intelligence committees into a joint committee composed equally of Republicans and Democrats who, in addition to the requisite trustworthiness, competence, and responsibility, can be depended upon to subordinate political considerations to the national interest. Such a committee should be backed by a small cadre of apolitical professionals with the same exemplary personal qualities as the committee members. Creating a new joint oversight panel along these lines would significantly reduce the number of individuals having access to sensitive information, thus minimizing the risk of unauthorized leaks.

It would also address some practical problems. As we have learned in the Nicaraguan affair, there is little interaction or coordination between the two intelligence oversight committees. Moreover, the committees frequently reflect differing perspectives. For example, it was recently leaked that the House committee felt the CIA might have overspent its budget in its covert operations in Nicaragua. This view was not shared by the Senate Intelligence Committee. The result was confusion.

A joint oversight committee would eliminate these problems, encourage bipartisan cooperation, and ensure a more effective congressional oversight arrangement. □

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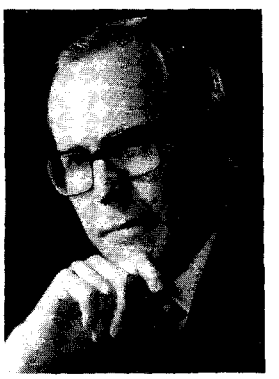

Mr. Rusher, whom President Reagan described as "this energetic and articulate spokesman for the principles that we believe in so deeply," has spoken professionally in all fifty states during the past twenty years. He is in particular demand just now on such topics as the 1984 campaign, "The Second Reagan Administration," and "Do Businessmen Really Want Free Enterprise?"

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POST-CONVENTION BLUES

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 23

ALMOST EVERYTHING said at political conventions is said without scholarly attention to accuracy, so perhaps it is not correct that there were 12,000 press people in San Francisco. But why so little coverage of excesses?

It is one thing to say, "Darling, you are the most beautiful girl in the world"—a statement only a cad would call to accounting. Or even to say (Mondale on Jackson) that that was one of the finest speeches delivered in the twentieth century. But one wonders why the press does not exercise itself to apply the brakes to other forms of high extemporaneity.

Some of the guff is relatively harmless. What do you make of this, for instance (from Jesse Jackson's speech): "I went to see Hubert Humphrey three days before he died. He had just called Richard Nixon and many people wondered why. I asked him. He said, 'Jesse, from this vantage point, with the sun setting in my life, all of the speeches, the political conventions, the crowds, and the great fight are behind me now. At a time like this you are forced to deal with your irreducible essence, forced to grapple with that which is really important to you. And what I have concluded is this: When all is said and done, we must forgive each other, redeem each other, and move on.' "

Now if ever Hubert Humphrey uttered those words, I am Napoleon Bonaparte. Not even Edith Bunker could utter those words. The Anti-Treacle Law would freeze those words on any lips, causing the framer of them to die not, as poor Mr. Humphrey did, of cancer, but of asphyxiation. Yet in Reverend Jackson's speech, distributed to the press ahead of his delivery of it, the passage appears with quotation marks. My question is: How come there was no groan?

Gary Hart said in his speech, "Promises are cheap, rhetoric is hollow," and proceeded to prove it. In one passage he said, "Ronald Reagan and his gang of greedy polluters can no longer piously sing 'America the Beautiful' while they scar her face, poison her air, and corrupt her waters."

Ronald Reagan and his gang of greedy polluters. Well well. What does it mean, "his" greedy polluters? That the men who use coal in the factories, who emit toxins from their automobiles, and who sneak effluents from their laboratories into our rivers belong to Ronald Reagan, so that the possessive pronoun "his" becomes relevant?

Mario Cuomo, the scholarly intellectual-patriot with a heart, comes in. "Maybe, Mr. President"—he addresses Ronald Reagan—"if you asked a woman who had been denied the help she needed to feed her children because you say you needed the money for a tax break for a millionaire or for a missile we couldn't afford to use —maybe then you'd understand." There is, in that sentence, the highest saturation of baloney ever uttered (I shall lapse into the Mondale mode) in twentieth-century oratory. Show me the woman who has been denied food for her children by Ronald Reagan so as to expedite the demands of a millionaire, and I will show you a Mario Cuomo capable of speaking of moral responsibility. But first I will find you a duck-billed platypus. Why do lines like that get applauded?

Jesse Jackson advised the pilgrims to San Francisco that only "the big corporations and rich individuals who received the bulk of a three-year, multibillion tax cut from Mr. Reagan are recovering." But the figures tell us that 70 per cent of the tax cut—and 70 per cent is the "bulk" of 100 per cent—went to Americans who earn between $10,000 and $50,000. Are they really "rich" individuals? "Seventy per cent of all poor children live in a household headed by a woman," said Jackson. "Working women make less than men in every job category at every educational level, yet Mr. Reagan sees no need for the Equal Rights Amendment." Students of paralogism will stare at that sentence a long time, endeavoring to come up with the analytical joiner work. What is it that suggests that higher wages for women would cause fewer bastards or male desertions? Isn't the opposite just as likely? And anyway, Professor Sowell's studies flatly contradict the initial generality.

Oh dear. Perhaps diabetics simply shouldn't go to candy factories. But it would be nice to see a regular feature in prominent newspapers devoted to rhetorical excesses, factual misstatements, and gross irresponsibilities uttered by greedy polluters of the language, who would trade the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights for: power. □

REPEAL THE FIRST COMMANDMENT

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 20

AT SAN FRANCISCO, Jesse Jackson's oratory outshone that of Mario Cuomo. On the other hand, Mario Cuomo's would have outshone, for that crowd, Abraham Lincoln's. Political conventions are not to be confused with a week at the Aspen Institute. But there is something to be learned in reflecting on the impact of such as Cuomo and Jesse Jackson. The listeners, many of them, wept. As others do, if for different reasons.

The apology, widely interpreted as intended for American Jews, whom Mr. Jackson has in various ways slighted, was dignified and manly. Moreover, any doubt that they were the targeted audience for that apology was dispelled when, only a few minutes after his Biblical shriving, Reverend Jackson was overheard to mutter to a confederate, "Did the Jewish thing go over?" It is as if Henry II, after submitting to his public scourging at the altar where his agents had slaughtered Becket, had, after the ordeal, pulled aside, plopped the crown back on his head, and muttered, "I hope that will satisfy those bleeding hearts."

Intense meditation on what Jackson actually said yields a fascinating datum. There is no injunction in his speech, anywhere, to any American, to: do more, do better, deny himself. The single thing enjoined on the American citizen by Jackson (and Cuomo) is to vote. Because Democratic politics in San Francisco was all about the talismanic powers of government. All Ten Commandments, at the hands of Jesse Jackson, were reduced to: Thou shalt not fail to vote for socialism.

Consider just one of the hundred similar lines in Mr. Jackson's speech distinguished by a lack of specific gravity. He said: "In Detroit, one of the great cities of the Western world, babies are dying at the same rate as in Honduras, the most undeveloped nation in our hemisphere."

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Now let us assume that this statement is true, which by the way it probably isn't.

Why are all those babies dying?

Because Ronald Reagan is President?

If Detroit is one of the great cities of the Western world, why is it letting its babies die? The mayor of Detroit is a black man. Detroit has nine members in its City Council. Five of these are black. Why are they letting the babies die, in Detroit?

Why, Lord?

Lack of money?

The per-capita budget of Detroit is $1,317. Compare that to, say, Minneapolis. There the budget, per capita, is $993. And, when last heard from, the babies were not dying in Minneapolis, even though the mayor is a white man.

What's going on, Lord?

It is this. Democratic politics has reduced to government fixation. Whether it is the babies in Detroit who don't live because they are not cared for, or whether it is the babies in Detroit who live because they are not aborted, the government is the malefactor. In the first instance it should provide more free hospitals, doctors, nurses, and nutrients; in the second, more free abortions.

If there is crime in the streets it is because the government does not provide enough day care.

If there is unemployment in the steel mills it is because the government is using too much steel making submarines.

If there are a growing number of broken homes, it is because the government has not passed the ERA.

If there is tension owing to Soviet deployment of missiles in Europe, it is because the government has failed to lie down with Moscow, as with a lamb.

THE REASON for all those tears is that Reverend Jackson was giving voice to fundamental human aspirations: for a better, happier life. And although he frequently invoked the name of God, in fact the appeal was entirely secular. God did not invent Social Security, or budget deficits, or undernourished babies in Detroit. Nor is it reasonable to ask God to do something about it. God gave man free will, and that commitment was unchangeable. If man, acting on his own free will, can crucify Jesus Christ, God can probably tolerate the reelection of Ronald Reagan.

No, it was an appeal to Mammon that Jesse Jackson voiced. But because his accents were evangelistic, he achieved the evangelist's effect. But there is a terrible hangover. The price of violating the First Commandment. It specifies that man shall not make graven images.

And what Jesse Jackson did, and it is consistent with what the Democratic Party in San Francisco was doing, is to make a great graven image. God has become big government. □

ACHIEVING CHRIST IN SAN FRANCISCO

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 18

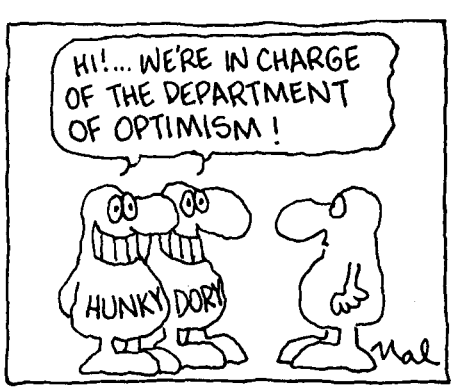
THE PRINCIPAL objective of the Democratic Convention has been to inquire whether Ronald Reagan is a good Christian, and then to act on that finding. Inasmuch as such inquiries have traditionally been conducted discreetly, there has been much verbal confusion on the matter, to some degree owing to a multiplicity of spokespersons, each of whom, though attempting to serve the role of exegete, ends by confusing rather than clarifying.

It began when Geraldine Ferraro simply up and said it: namely that President Reagan is not a good Christian. This allegation shot through San Francisco like a laser beam; shot through indignation protests by conservationists, parades by labor unions, conventions of aroused teachers, meetings of aroused women, skyscrapers, Japanese restaurants, male brothels. Everywhere the Democratic enthusiasts are meeting to set a superior moral tone for the nation.

Indeed, for a day or two it overwhelmed every other subject and every other concern, save possibly the question of whether Bert Lance is a good Christian. A spokesman for President Reagan said he believed religion should be kept out of politics, and that the final question of whether Ronald Reagan has been a good Christian will be answered by "a higher authority."

At this point, a spokesperson for Mrs. Ferraro said that the candidate had been misinterpreted, that she was talking less about whether Mr. Reagan's soul was in felicitous relationship with God than about whether, objectively speaking, his policies transcribed convincingly the Sermon on the Mount. A spokesperson for Walter Mondale said that candidate Mondale was personally certain that candidate Ferraro had not meant to impugn the religion of Mr. Reagan. Rather, she was drawing attention to Christian injunctions that we care for one's neighbor, which Reagan does not.

A spokesperson for Mrs. Ferraro then said that the spokesperson for Mr. Mondale hadn't quite understood what the spokesperson of the first part had meant in interpreting what Mrs. Ferraro had meant. At this point Walter Mondale, exercising that executive decisiveness for which he is so widely acclaimed, put the whole thing in words of one syllable. "When it comes to justice, nondiscrimination, fairness [Reagan] is out to lunch. Those are differences. I wasn't taught that way. My faith unmistakably has taught me that social justice is part of a Christian's responsibility."



Later in the same interview, Mr. Mondale documented his addiction to truth, justice, nondiscrimination, and fairness by saying that Mrs. Ferraro's gender had nothing to do with her selection as his running-mate. If she had been "a third-term male congressman," he'd have been equally attracted to her/him as a running-mate.

At any rate, the Democratic platform committee is reconvening for the purpose of urging that all voters pray for the Christianization of Ronald Reagan, always on the understanding that we are not to pray at school, which is forbidden by the Constitution and by the Bible.

Satisfied to record that the majority of the American people, who when last heard from voted for Ronald Reagan precisely because they approved his public policies, are out-to-lunch Christians, candidate Mondale attempted a Napoleonic auto-da-fé at the expense of Democratic National Chairman Charles Manatt, whom he sought to replace, thinking that Bert Lance's appointment would infuse Christianity into his whole campaign, Christianity being very popular in the South. This maneuver resulted in what the political pros at San Francisco labeled a firestorm.

Two things crystallized, namely that Mr. Manatt is very popular among the Democratic gentry, the second that Bert Lance would stand in the way of copywriters who have developed an in-depth campaign to convince the voters that the Republican Party is the party of sleaze.

Sleaze used to be defined as a party in which people like Bert Lance, whom Christians will be satisfied to refer to as "an aggressive banker," make out. Never mind that there is injustice in speaking ill of men unconvicted of any crime, candidate Mondale's faith taught him that fairness toward political opponents could justifiably be out to lunch during political campaigns, without violating any one of the Ten Commandments. But enough people on the scene in San Francisco urged the point that the Great Sleaze War would be hard to launch with Bert Lance in command of it to persuade candidate Mondale to give Bert Lance another title, and leave Manatt where he is for a week or so until a better Christian can be found to run the Democratic Party.

The theologians will be studying this convention for years. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

HELEN HAVANEC:

About Anagrams

One of the most famous anagrams of all was constructed during the Middle Ages. The author invented a dialogue between Pilate and Jesus whereby Pilate questions, "*Quid est veritas?*"—"What is truth?"—and Jesus replies, "*Est vir qui ad est*"—"It is the man before you."

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. AVOID ICY TRAIT (anagram)
24 85 8 33 55 94 176 193 211 66
73 81 78

B. A university at Columbus in the Buckeye State (2 words)
49 152 218 61 150 17 142 234 158

C. Long upholstered seats
70 25 46 168 208 144 151 161 182 1

D. Where the Biblical witch lived
79 92 62 163 19

E. STIR ROSE (anagram)
86 172 20 216 173 43 88 65

F. Where Fontaine Fox's trolley ran
90 57 60 74 121 39 104 162 210 220
128

G. Where part of the Battle of Gettysburg was fought (2 words)
187 3 146 160 229 93 105 153 28 36

H. An outstanding item (phrase)
207 10 75 141 155 183 192 196 83 165
170 204 108 21 199 217 87

I. What the officeholder takes
4 16 30 82

J. Rome's port
213 76 51 67 103

K. What Polaris is (var. sp.)
226 123 219 132 238 53 230 201

L. Containers for hen fruit (2 words)
69 107 191 2 113 45 235 175 221

M. *Embellishment*
109 15 34 42 232 91 106 80 114 122
137 139 164

N. City in southern New Hampshire
131 52 198 101 126 178

O. This is served before the main course as a stimulator
7 48 111 23 37 54 181 27 31

P. River in northern Italy
179 133 9 186 138 167

Q. Where certain bivalve mollusks sleep? (2 words)
200 84 222 115 197 50 125 202 231

R. A hint
98 194 180 143 214

S. Part of a football field (2 words)
95 5 89 118 148 185 68 18 26 41
116 166

T. The ins
110 140 59 99 212 96 135 156 188 227
120 147 154

U. A Russian sled dog (2 words)
129 12 209 112 159 177 203 228 236 40
63 184 29

V. Town southeast of Leeds, England
145 223 205 44 11 195

W. A county in Virginia
119 224 71 13 149 233

X. PUN DEPARTS (anagram)
169 56 72 100 58 32 157 174 189 97

Y. Town southwest of Iquitos, Peru
206 117 225 14 136

Z. City in southern Wales
134 130 171 190 237 124 215

* Describing an early twentieth-century carriage
102 38 22 47 64 6 35 77 127

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 O	2 L	3 G	4 I	5 S	6 *		7 O	8 A	9 P	10 H	11 V	12 U	13 W	14 Y	15 M	16 I	17 B	18 S	19 D
20 E		21 H	22 *	23 O		24 A	25 C	26 S	27 O	28 G	29 U		30 I	31 O	32 X	33 A	34 M	35 *	36 G
	37 O	38 *		39 F	40 U	41 S		42 M		43 E	44 V	45 L	46 C	47 *	48 O	49 B	50 Q	51 J	52 N
53 K	54 O	55 A	56 X		57 F	58 X		59 T	60 F	61 B	62 D	63 U	64 *	65 E	66 A	67 J	68 S	69 L	
70 C	71 W	72 X	73 A	74 F	75 H	76 J	77 *		78 A	79 D	80 M		81 A	82 I	83 H	84 Q		85 A	86 E
87 H		88 E	89 S	90 F	91 M	92 D		93 G	94 A	95 S	96 T	97 X		98 R	99 T	100X	101N		102*
103J	104F	105G	106M	107L		108H	109M		110T	111O	112U	113L	114M	115Q	116S		117Y		118S
119W	120T	121F	122M		123K	124Z		125Q	126N	127*	128F	129U		130Z	131N	132K		133P	
134Z	135T	136Y	137M	138P		139M	140T		141H	142B	143R	144C	145V	146G	147T	148S	149W	150B	
151C	152B	153G	154T	155H		156T	157X	158B	159U	160G	161C	162F	163D	164M	165H		166S	167P	168C
169X	170H	171Z	172E		173E	174X	175L	176A	177U	178N	179P	180R	181O	182C	183H		184U	185S	186P
187G	188T	189X	190Z	191L	192H		193A	194R	195V	196H	197Q	198N		199H	200Q		201K	202Q	203U
204H	205V	206Y		207H	208C	209U	210F	211A	212T		213J	214R	215Z	216E	217H	218B	219K	220F	221L
	222Q	223V	224W	225Y	226K	227T	228U	229G		230K	231Q	232M	233W	234B		235L	236U	237Z	238K

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